

19

A Voice Out of Russia

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

A Voice Out of Russia

AMERICANS have always pictured Russia as some fairyland such as India or Tibet. Formerly it was the land of the Czars, the whip, and the Cossack, and now it is the land of the still less comprehensible Bolsheviki. Yet there is a great likeness in character between Americans and Russians: for instance, devotion to land, love of liberty, natural humor, and a carefree attitude. But there is a great difference, owing to historic reasons, between the mode of life of the United States and that of Russia. First of all, the white pioneers went into the forests and prairies of this country one by one or in small groups and settled immediately as individual farmers. The Russian people migrated a thousand years ago from the Carpathians to the east en masse. They occupied lands for "artels" (groups). During that thousand years they grew accustomed to cultivating the land by communistic methods. But the American farmer is first of all an owner, whereas the Russian peasant is a communist—and here lies the reason of the success of Socialistic teaching in Russia. Second, in America material and spiritual advantages are distributed among the population more evenly than in Russia. Until the very outbreak of the Revolution the law distinctly divided the Russian "subjects" into two uneven parts: 3 per cent of the population were the so-called "privileged" classes and 97 per cent the so-called "tax-paying" people. All comforts and necessities of life, including education, were the privilege of the 3 per cent; admittance to high schools and universities, to state service and officers' rank was totally closed to the 97 per cent. It should not be forgotten that 85 per cent of the population were freed from the state of slavery only fifty-eight years ago, and naturally they still bear much malice to their former masters. But even among the 3 per cent of the privileged there was not full content; the capitalistic class and the Intelligentsia were deprived of political power, which was monopolized by court adventurers. Discontent was universal. It was already evident in 1905, but not being sufficiently organized, it was crushed.

The war precipitated the climax. It is well

known that the war found Russia inadequately prepared. Nevertheless we performed the self-imposed duties more than honestly; we performed them with self-sacrifice. And this did not fail to react; owing to the undeveloped state of our economic life we were ruined by hunger and poverty by the third year of the war.

This did not happen at once. We passed three stages in falling down the slope. The first stage passed with the cry: "The war will end soon!" Owing to this belief the factories and shops continued to work according to the usual peace program and met the demands of the consumers at the expense of the army's needs. Russia had everything in abundance; moreover the cessation of exports created a surplus of goods. The heart of the country did not feel the hardships of the war. It is true that 12,000,000 youths and men were torn away from their families, but the tears for them dissolved in the ocean of apathy and plenty brought about by the flow of money into the villages. The last is of such great importance that we must go into details of it. We know what enormous expenditures a modern war requires. Russia did not have enough gold, and attempts to raise internal loans were unsuccessful, owing to the ignorance of the masses. Therefore only one way was open to us, to print paper money. The sudden increase of its amount in circulation did not fail to show results; the ruble began to fall in value and prices of commodities began to increase accordingly. Inasmuch as the peasant was getting double prices, the peasant sold everything: grain, cattle, linen, grandmother's dresses. "The village is growing rich," shouted the newspapers.

But soon, very soon, the Russian peasant learned a bitter lesson as to the value of money. As thunder from a clear sky came the news of our retreat from the Carpathians in the spring of 1915. It was found that in order to proceed with the war we lacked the most necessary commodities; it was found that our children and fathers were facing the most cruel and powerful enemy totally unarmed. This brought about a feverish mobilization of our industry.

The second stage ensued and ran under the motto: "Everything for the war." We sacrificed our entire industry to the prosecution of the war. We did not merely cease to manufacture nails, candles, and agricultural machinery, but we even gave up 75 per cent of our textile industry for war needs. And thus the so-called goods famine ensued. But the country did not have articles of necessity, and although goods were yet to be obtained in the cities nothing reached the village. Having money on hand, the peasant found that he could not purchase anything with it. He could not understand it at first, but when he realized it, he became very angry and refused to sell grain for the army and cities. "I don't want your money," he said to the agents of the Government and to merchants who would come for the grain. "Give me gingham, nails, scythes, boots—and unless you give me these, you will not get my grain." During the Czar's regime even flogging was resorted to, but the peasant was quite determined in his refusal to sell grain.

As a result of this the army and the cities remained without bread, and the cattle were partly consumed and partly starved by lack of hay. A shortage of foodstuffs began, and in addition to this many refugees from Poland and Lithuania fled in the fall of 1915 to the interior cities. Nevertheless we managed to push through the trying winter of 1915-16. And in the fall of 1916 the situation became still worse. Due to additional recruiting of soldiers a shortage of labor occurred. The cultivated area suffered a decrease of 30 per cent. And then in November there was an acute shortage of locomotives on the railroads. We never had had many of them. And during the war, owing to the intensive usage, they were worn out and there was no means of repairing them. As a result of this, the railroads were totally disorganized. On the Don and in Siberia, for instance, grain and hay were rotting at the stations, while on the Roumanian front I personally witnessed how thousands of horses were falling of exhaustion and hunger. And the inhabitants had to sustain themselves upon the meat of these fallen horses. Conditions in the cities were not much better. Hunger and cold penetrated everywhere. The most timid citizens began to complain and protest. And what meanwhile was going on within the Government? Dissipation with Rasputin and the placing of favorites in ministerial posts. All slightly capable ministers, in spite of public opinion, were driven out and in their places were put known thieves, cretins, and traitors. A sort of madness, hopeless madness, enveloped *Tsarskoye Selo* and in the name of the weak-willed, drunken

Nicholas the Russian people were governed by his German wife and a clique of scoundrels. Loyal hands, desiring to uphold the prestige of the throne, assassinated Rasputin; but in answer to this followed orgies over his corpse, the "provocation" of street disturbances in Petrograd, and the dispersing of the Duma. Then the moment came when all of us—from Lenin to Purishkevitch (the leader of the famous "Black Hundred")—understood that this sort of thing could not continue any longer, that the Czar's regime had outlived itself. And it fell—fell painlessly and with ease, as a decayed apple falls from a tree.

In place of Nicholas II came the Government of Prince Lvoff, the Government of Cadets—a revolutionary Government without revolutionists. I shall never forget the comment about this Government by a former minister of the Czar, Krivoshein. "This Government," said Krivoshein after he was told of its composition, "has one great fault; it is too moderate. Two months ago it would have satisfied the country; now it is too late. It will not have power, and thus, Sirs, you will sacrifice your own newborn child—the Revolution—and also our all-beloved Fatherland, Russia." These words proved to be prophetic. The composition of the First Provisional Government was not in accordance with the sentiment of the country. And as a result, side by side with this Government, sprang up the Soviets, backed by the confidence of the great masses of the people. Among the ministers of the First Provisional Government there were to be found no men with technical experience of state administration. Lvoff and Miliukoff gave ministerial places to their party friends. The Director of the Imperial Ballet was given the portfolio of the Ministry of Finance; a physician, the Ministry of Agriculture.

The organization of the Second Provisional Government, which included representatives of the radical bourgeoisie and Moderate Socialists, slightly changed the picture. They could not very well agree. Creative energy was expended in internal strife. The compromised decisions were not clear. The Second Provisional Government also lacked state experience and will-power. Doubtless the burden placed upon these governments by events proved to be too heavy. The time demanded giants, but instead found midgets. But what was the problem of both Provisional Governments with which they could not cope? The Provisional Governments themselves were saying that their aim was to call a Constituent Assembly. They did not realize that the Constituent Assembly *was not the final end, but only a means*, a means of expressing

the will of the people and of solving problems placed before them. The substantial mistake of both Provisional Governments was that they mistook the means for the end.

When the March Revolution broke out three colossal questions confronted the Russian people:

1. What is to be done about the war?
2. How is the Russian state to be organized?
3. How are famine and economic disintegration to be stopped?

Now the Constituent Assembly was to be convoked in ten months. Even in normal peaceful times it is impossible to stop the current of life for ten months. And a revolution is a social condition in which the pulsation of events is increased ten to twentyfold. It ought to have been self-evident that the wheel of national life could not be stopped for ten months either by Lvoff or Kerensky. No matter how they urged the convocation of the Constituent Assembly, they were themselves compelled by force of events to solve, little by little, the very questions which they desired to give over to the decision of the Constituent Assembly.

Consider the problem of the war. Was it possible to say to the Germans: "Wait, gentlemen. Do not shoot until the Constituent Assembly meets. When it meets, it will decide whether or not we shall go on killing you"? Even the Allies would not agree to such a decision. Yet in spite of the fact that we had sacrificed for the Allies about seven millions of our sons, they demanded that revolutionary Russia should participate more actively in the war.

An answer to these demands should have been given immediately. To postpone the answer until the convocation of the Constituent Assembly was impossible. The Provisional Government realized perfectly well that a hungry, barefooted Russia, with its disorganized railroads, could not possibly wage war even as it had during the Czar's regime. And the treaties signed by the Czar and the Allies could have no moral significance for free Russia. Therefore the circumstances and the dignity of Russia required that the Provisional Government give to its Allies a friendly but firm repulse. It should have demanded immediate aid and should even have threatened separate peace. At that time we still had an army, and the Germans would have paid us highly for a separate peace. But our youthful ministers and ambassadors, instead of taking such a firm course, bowed before the Allies and gave all sorts of assurances that Russia would never conclude a separate peace. Why then should the Allies have hastened with material aid to Russia? I do not blame them for it. "One's own interests are near-

est." And meanwhile the army was diminishing and diminishing—hunger had driven the soldiers from the trenches.

State administration presented a similar picture. Its problems could not be postponed until the convocation of the Constituent Assembly. By force of events the Provisional Government was compelled to tolerate the self-appointed unlawful Soviets; more than that, they had to listen to their demands attentively and as a result to proclaim Russia a Republic. This measure undoubtedly undermined the prestige of the Constituent Assembly and the belief in its indispensability. For this the Provisional Governments could scarcely be blamed. Their fault was that they had remained behind the current of life and the expectations of the people. And what were these expectations? The capitalists and the Intelligentsia, approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the population, were dreaming only of seizing political power. The peasants—75 per cent of the population—were dreaming of the land. The soldiers—and these numbered about 10 per cent of the population—dreamed of peace and of returning to their dear ones at home; and finally, the workingmen, who numbered also about 10 per cent, dreamed of seizing control of industry.

The Provisional Governments promised everything, but asked for delay until the convocation of the Constituent Assembly. But the peasants and workers preferred to realize their desire to get the land and the means of production immediately by revolutionary means. "This is safer. At present the power is in our hands, and what will happen tomorrow, we do not know." This was well understood by the Bolsheviks and this is where the meaning of their doctrine, "the deepening of the Revolution"—that is, the immediate realization of the people's desires through revolutionary means—lies. And here lies the cause of their success.

Much is being said at present that such a solution of social problems is not democratic, that violence from the Left is just as hideous as violence from the Right. In substance this is true, but the trouble is that the Kingdom of God on earth has not come as yet, and force can be crushed only by force. Every revolution provokes violence; why, asked the Russians, is it justifiable to overthrow the Czar by force, and not the bankers?

But I have anticipated. Before speaking of the present, let us return to the Provisional Governments and see how they solved the third fundamental problem; that is, the reorganization of the economic life of the country. The question can be answered in a few words: "They did not solve."

Lacking economic experience and not venturing, for fear of the Allies, to decrease war production or the number of soldiers at the front, the Provisional Governments enacted nothing new. And conditions were growing worse: occupied with the "deepening of the Revolution," the workmen hardly worked. The productivity of shops and factories decreased manifold. General economic disintegration constantly increased. The villages had no goods, and the cities and army had no bread. A real famine ensued and this was followed as usual by robberies and violence. They reached their height in August-September of 1917—about two months before the Bolshevik Revolution took place. The Provisional Government even at that time had no authority or power. The prestige of any power is always best measured by the forces that rally around it for its defense. And the Provisional Government for its defense could only rally Junkers, a few Cossacks, and the Women's Battalion of Death. And it can hardly be said that the Bolshevik offensive was an unexpected blow to the Provisional Government. Just the reverse: the Bolsheviks widely advertised it two weeks in advance, so that the Provisional Government had sufficient foreknowledge. It is therefore evident that it was in possession of defensive forces and that the popularity of the Provisional Government was not greater than that of the Czar's.

One way or another, fourteen months ago the power was transferred definitely and finally to the Soviets, with the Bolsheviks as the dominating political power. And thus came their turn to decide the vital questions of war, state, and economic organization. The question of the war they decided to solve immediately. They disclosed the secret treaties showing imperialistic war aims of the Entente, at the same time offering the Allies a general democratic peace. The latter did not even answer! And this fact is of utmost importance, because it arouses serious doubt as to who was betrayed by whom—whether we have betrayed the Allies, or the Allies have betrayed us. Not having received any answer, the Soviet Government started *pourparlers* for a separate peace. It could not possibly have acted differently. It was impossible to wage war further: the army had run away, the railroads had come to a standstill. Nevertheless, when the predatory tendencies of the Kaiser became evident, the Soviet Government delayed the ratification of the peace treaty and entered into negotiations with the Allies, promising to reestablish the Russian front if the Allies would come to their aid. The Allies did not accept this proposal, the sincerity of which can

hardly be doubted. Lenin was obliged to present the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty for ratification to the Congress of Soviets. At that moment, as far as I am concerned, the question as to who betrayed whom was finally understood and decided. Upon presenting the peace treaty for ratification of the Congress, Lenin did not deny it was humiliating. But at the same time he insisted that this humiliation was temporary, that the German revolution was not far away. Many did not believe it at that time, but now the German revolution is an accomplished fact.

As far as state organization was concerned, the Soviet Government decided that at that time the question could be postponed. Russia was in the throes of a social revolution and in the midst of a struggle with internal and external enemies of the new order. Russia is being built by the plain people, by the peasants—slowly, firmly, and without any definite plan. To foretell into what forms this rebuilding will finally shape is utterly impossible. It can, however, be definitely said that the present rebuilding of Russia is not the last word of the Russian Revolution. The word "Soviet" will probably remain with us forever. The Russian people grew fond of it. It was also adopted in Germany, but the meaning attached to this word will be perfected in the future. However, it must be kept in mind that the controversy which split Russian society into two uncompromising camps does not pertain to its meaning. This controversy does not formally touch upon the ideology of the future, but solely concerns the tactics of the present. The adherents of one camp say that it is first necessary to shape Russia into a definite political form, to establish a permanent government and to let it decide social problems slowly; that it is beyond the strength of the Russian people to accomplish a social and political revolution at the same time; that it is necessary to be satisfied for the present with the political revolution alone, and to bring about the social reforms through evolution. More than that, representatives of this camp insist that our people are young and "dark"; that the time has not arrived for them to decide their own destiny; that the people do not know what they need, but that they, the representatives of the radicals and the Socialist Intelligentsia, do know. Therefore they are the ones to govern the "dark" people, to educate the people, to prepare the people for self-government.

The representatives of the opposition camp, on the other hand, insist that their experiences with the first two Provisional Governments and especially with the third—the Omsk Government, which is

now dormant in the pocket of Kolchak—is sufficient warning not to repeat mistakes. Their deep conviction is that the Russian people are interested most of all in social reforms and demand these reforms immediately by revolutionary means. Yes, the Russian people are “dark” and uncultured, but they possess a natural common sense. They will acquire their knowledge in the process of reconstruction. Without the Intelligentsia they cannot possibly get along, but they want to select from the latter those who are willing to serve them, and not those who want to govern them against their will. The “darkness” of the Russian masses naturally obstructs the tempo of the Russian Revolution. I repeat, Russia is being rebuilt by the peasants—slowly, firmly, and without any definite plan. In this process of rebuilding much has to be broken down. It is also true that it is beyond the power of the Russian people to accomplish both political and social reconstruction. Now the Russian people are busy with the construction of a new social order, and when this shall have been crystallized into definite form, they can begin the political construction of Russia.

It can be foretold already that for the new social conditions new political forms will be required. It may also be predicted that neither the French nor the American clothes will fit the free Russian peasant; it will be necessary to sew special Russian clothes of new cuts. And such work requires time and care: “Measure the cloth seven times and cut it once,” says an old Russian proverb. And history confirms it. Of all the constitutions that were ever written on our planet, the most flexible one has proved to be the Constitution of the United States. Written in 1787, with seventeen amendments, it is alive today. But it must not be forgotten that it was written in 1787, eleven years after the Declaration of Independence. Why then ask of Russia that she write her political constitution in definite form only one year after the Revolution, a revolution deeper than that of 1776? It may be retorted that social reforms require just as much care; that they also cannot be decided in haste. I perfectly agree with this, but I also understand that the Russian people do not care to wait any longer and do not trust the “masters.” No words are strong enough to convince me to the contrary. To back one’s arguments with Japanese bayonets and English machine guns is just as criminal, in my opinion, as to assassinate one’s own mother. And all the outcries of the interventionists—that this is a “democratic” way of helping Russia—are mere hypocrisy.

When one and one-half years ago the monarchy was overthrown in Russia, I, as well as many others,

believed that Russia could not cope with the political revolution, war, and the social revolution at the same time. It was true. We were thrown out of the war, and for this we had to pay with the Brest-Litovsk treaty. But we are confronted with an accomplished fact and we are powerless to turn back the wheel of events. We have lost the war, yet in social progress we have taken tremendous steps ahead. And now the question is—What are we to do? Insist that the social revolution is untimely? Shall we, together with the reactionaries and Czarists, liquidate all the gains of the Revolution and assist the French and English in dividing Russia among themselves? Or shall we, with our opponents from the Left, defend Russia and the Revolution from her internal and foreign enemies? As far as I am concerned, there can be no question, and that is why, while remaining a Moderate Socialist, I sincerely and conscientiously believe that I must serve Russia under the Soviet banner.

There is still another point to be considered. We may not fully agree with the Soviet Government; we may doubt the possibility of realizing some of its ideals, but we can hardly deny the fact that it is consistent and clear in its demands. The opponents of the Soviet Government have no platform whatsoever and they cannot have any. They represent the most picturesque conglomerate: side by side with old Revolutionists we see former officials of the Czar’s police; side by side with noble dreamers we see the faces of criminals; side by side with monarchists we see anarchists—all of them are united in their mad desire to overthrow the Soviet Government; and the old English diplomats, who are operating behind their backs, have finally realized that such a union is not stable and that it must be replaced by a whip.

And so the Siberian khedive Kolchak has appeared on the horizon. He began his political career with the arrest of the members of the Constituent Assembly, with the reopening of the vodka factories, and with the reintroduction of the Czar’s rules against Jews. So the question is as follows: Kolchak, or the Soviets?—The dictatorship of the working people, or the dictatorship of an insignificant group of adventurers, behind the backs of whom there are foreigners? The people, or generals? The decision is clear.

The Soviet Government has found it difficult to bring the economic life of Russia back to normal. The peasants have received the land, but remain without agricultural implements, nails, and textile goods. The workmen have obtained control over production, but remain without bread and without

coal. Production itself has slowed down. The most important factor in this situation is the isolation of Russia. She is practically excluded from the world exchange. She is now like a besieged fortress, a fortress which the enemy wants to take, if not by force of arms then by hunger. By what right? For what? It is said that we have committed two sins: first, we do not want to pay the debt to France. Yes, in principle we do not consider ourselves responsible for the Czar's loans, because part of them were expended for the oppression of the Russian people. But practically we do not refuse to discuss this matter—this is quite clear from the note of Tchitcherin of October 26. Second, it is being said that we have betrayed the Allies. In my opinion the Allies have betrayed us and are now dividing among themselves the booty which was promised to us. But we do not protest against this. Proclaiming a peace without annexations and contributions, Russia has renounced her participation in the division of any booty. But having sacrificed for the Allies 7,000,000 of her sons, she is justified in demanding that she be left alone. But let us assume for a second that we are guilty of breaking a treaty: then what about Italy who broke the treaty with the Central Powers? She is being complimented on it!

But we also have a third sin, of which people do not speak aloud: we are weak, but our land is rich—why not make use of it? I understand this perfectly well. Together with England we partitioned Persia and only a short while ago we dreamed of the partition of Austria and Turkey. And now *we* are being partitioned! I understand it all. I understand the English and French very well, but I cannot understand the Americans at all. We owe you very little; we have no treaties with you and never had any, and in the division of Russia you do not intend to participate. Why then do you keep your soldiers in Russia? The interests of the United States do not conflict with the interests of Russia. More than that, no other country is more interested in the realization of the ideals of the freedom of the seas and the League of Nations, which your President is faithfully upholding in

Europe, than Russia. All our seas are not free. Our Government is most of all international. Moreover the interests of exchange between Russia and America at present should be mutual. During the war the United States has tremendously developed her production, and she needs foreign markets. Russia could be one. She needs goods. She cannot of herself increase production and stimulate industry. Yet we have plenty to pay with: our natural resources are enormous. The question of how to utilize these resources in order to pay for your goods may be decided upon by mutual understanding and discussion either in Washington or in Moscow, but surely this cannot be decided by mutual destruction in the swamps of Archangel. The Soviet Government has attempted many a time to begin such discussions.

This argument is usually disposed of by referring to the Bolshevik danger. First of all, the responsibility of power has compelled the Bolsheviks to become more moderate. Second, the Soviets and the Bolsheviks are not one and the same. The Bolsheviks at the present time dominate the Soviets—to a great extent because of the policy of the Allies. Yet, fearing Bolshevism, you are cultivating it. More than that, by your actions you justify its ideology. As far as the philosophic side of the question is concerned, we differ from the Bolsheviks in the matter of natural impulses. The Bolsheviks say that such impulses are *only* class interests. We, realizing that class interests are the most important interests of mankind, nevertheless believe that mankind has other interests: religious, moral, national, and esthetic. At present this point of view is being subjected to a difficult trial. There is some ground for your accusation that the Bolsheviks are serving the interests of one class only. But what about those who attempt to tighten a steel lasso around the neck of Russia, those who forget that she came to this condition fighting with the Allies and for the Allies—whom are those interventionists serving? The class interests of the propertied class or the ideal of justice? Is it really possible that these ideals are only a myth?

GEORGE V. LOMONOSSOFF.

Lufbery

Lure of all far countries called him,
Seas enticed, and skies enthralled him,
Knowing neither fold nor fastness,
Breaking futile bonds that galled him,
Only Venture led him captive with her spell.

But the wonderlands that drew him,
And the venturing that slew him,
Pale beside the golden vastness
Of the realms that opened to him
In the little flowering garden where he fell.

MABEL KINGSLEY RICHARDSON.

The Guns in Surr y: A Meredith Remembrance

EIGHT DAYS AGO, in a car with two French officers, I swirled through rain and mud into the eviscerated towns of Villeneuve and F re-en-Tardenois in the Ch teau-Thierry sector. It was, they told me, the first correspondent's car to enter these places on the iron heel of the military occupation. As now I roam the rural lanes and meadows of England, where "cows flap a slow tail knee-deep in river" and primeval beeches spread an umbrageous coolness on my pathway, I can distinctly hear, thudding against the air, the great guns at the Front in Flanders and in Normandy.

I have seen how the cannon tore the heart out of bleeding village after bleeding village there in France. I went from one incredible crater of ruin to the next, and I felt amid the bare and aching desolation as one might feel who wandered in the arid silence of the mountains of the moon. I could not reconcile the sight with the world we know and love, the world we live in—the owls and foxes of Ossian never looked on so complete a bankruptcy of all the beauty of this good green earth: nor ever did the ghoulish ululation of hyena, jackal, or coyote fall on a place so lonely. Let not these broken walls, these bleaching heaps of rubble, these fractured shells of lath and plaster be likened to Pompeii and Herculaneum—for these ruins are of today, and they still pulsate and throb, are warm and bleed and agonize. Still they cry out to God from a soil moist with the blood of his innocents, to know if he has abdicated his white throne or will come to them again and bless and heal their brokenness.

I did not understand how the stars could look down complacently, or the sweet birds be singing, or the flowers spring again in the red of poppies, the white of the "Queen's necklace," the blue of cornflowers, round shell-holes of green scum, implements of battle charred and rusted, bodies still denied a burial.

Yet I saw men, with three horses in a team, reap the wheat, eluding the unexploded shells and the pit-falls. I saw the peasants trudging back to encamp amid the jagged walls that were their houses, as the dwellers on Aetna or Vesuvius hobble over the cooling lava to their denuded vineyards. I saw "love among the ruins," and life too was there; and when I talked with a man whose visible worldly assets were a manure pile and a pitchfork, he desecrated indignantly not on the plight of his own village but on the sacrilege at Rheims.

On the way from London to Box Hill you pass

through Leatherhead, where men blinded in warfare are wrapping poles with wickerwork to make roadways for the guns, and Mitcham, where the finest lavender field in England has surrendered to the utilitarian potato. Detraining at Box Hill station, I halted at the inn where Keats poured out his soul upon the moonlight, in the last lines of *Endymion*. There I inquired the way to George Meredith's house. It was scarcely more than the turn of a corner distant. Outside the gate was a little boy who did not know about George Meredith, but he balanced in a basket on his round blue cap a pig's head he firmly intended to deliver to the cook. Between the pink ears of the pig, upthrust like rifle-sights above the rim of the basket, one beheld a garden of exceeding loveliness. The face of the dark stone house, ivy-mantled, had for eyes toward the sunlight white-rimmed windows that gazed benevolently upon a close-cropped, smooth-rolled oval green with a sundial in the midst, geraniums, and orange-tinted begonias. Inclosing the lawn was a noble hedge, half again a tall man's height, of box and yew with not a dead leaf showing in the dense contexture.

Beyond the hedge was Coe the gardener, whose time and hand-and-foot devotion belonged to George Meredith for thirty years. If a man is not a hero to his valet, no adage forbids the homage of a gardener.

"I can see him now," said Coe, dropping the hoe-handle and dusting his broad hands against each other briskly, "I can see him as he ran across the lawn from the gate waving a letter, and I can hear him call up to his wife's window 'The Americans have discovered me!' It was a letter from one of you about Diana of the Crossways."

"He gave me the manuscripts of *Diana*, of *The Amazing Marriage*, and of *One of Our Conquerors*. I sold them to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Morgan's butler heard Mr. Morgan say to somebody at dinner in New York: 'Yes, and I'd have paid him twice as much if he had asked it.' The butler told a friend of mine, and he told me. I wish I *had* asked twice as much."

He spied a weed, and stooped to pull it. Then he led the way by hobnails to the tiny chalet on the edge of the wood above the garden, where the master wrote and paced the forest path and musefully regarded the blue distance of the vale. The spirit of the poems *Melampus* and *Outer and Inner*, or of the meeting of Richard and Lucy, trembled in the air.

"Mr. Meredith had a board across his knee when he wrote," said Coe. "He didn't use a table. He had a dachshund too. He admired the Germans for some things—he always felt they were such tremendous scholars. He thought well of the French, too, and in a fighting way. 'Coe,' he said to me one day, 'if our armies were led by French officers we could walk over the world.'"

"Here's where he did his own walking, sir, mostly."

He parted the bushes to a little path that ran along behind the chalet, accurately, and as though it knew its own mind, for a distance of perhaps five hundred feet. Holly, yew, and pines were thick beside and above the narrow way. "He would gather the twigs," said Coe, "and tell me to make a price on them. He'd give the money to his daughter, for her good works. 'Fourpence,' I would say when he pointed to a little pile he had collected. 'Now Coe,' he would say, 'don't be unreasonable! You know very well that pile is worth two shillings if it's worth a penny.' But I was firm with him, sir, and it was my price I paid him."

"He would sit here in the chalet thinking and writing, in his shirt sleeves, when he wasn't walking up and down the path."

"Do you know what time it is?" I'd ask him.

"No."

"'It's six o'clock,' I'd tell him. 'Time for you to be getting ready for your dinner.'"

"But I couldn't get him to knock off and come down to the house as if he was an ordinary human being."

"'It's here, Coe!' he'd cry, excited-like. 'It's here! No use trying when It isn't here!' Then he would go on writing, and his soup was cold."

"After breakfast, every day, he had his cigar, and his paper, and then he waited for It to come."

"If anybody came and there was anything in the upper story, he was delighted."

"A Publisher came from America." (Coe pronounced "publisher" with a capital.)

"'Well, what do you want my books for?' he said. 'You can get plenty of books in America.'"

"The Publisher said, 'Aye, we can get plenty, but they would flare up over your head for twenty-five minutes and then fade out. We want your books, to circulate them in cheap covers and make them known among the crowd. Your books will live.'"

"The answer seemed to please him."

"Mr. Meredith slept here in this little hut, and here he had his bath. For some time he used a swinging hammock for his bed, but he didn't have much comfort in it. He got the idea from meeting

on a steamship a passenger who had one. He used to complain about it to me, because it would creak and sway and the mattress would get in a big lump on one side."

"Once we went to visit, and he slept in a bed that was on all fours, very substantial, sir, and very restful."

"I said to him afterwards, 'Why can't you have a similar sort of a bed at Box Hill, sir?'"

"So he let me get him one of iron, and he liked it well."

"He was walking and thinking and writing to the end of his days, though he grew feeble and leaned more and more upon my arm. He was vexed he couldn't climb the hill so easily. His body was dying; but his head was as brisk as ever."

We left the gardener to his watering-pot, his borders, and his memories, and crossed the vale to the slope of the further hill and stepped into the little old thatched chapel with its red oak beams—St. Michael's chapel, West Humble, parish of Michaelham. The heads of pigs and the heads of saints, gargoyle-wise, were cheek by jowl among the ancient rafters. Was there anything symbolic in my meeting the pig's head in the butcher-boy's hands, in such close juxtaposition to the spiritual—almost ethereal—features of George Meredith?

An aeroplane droned overhead and the guns at the Front were throbbing like muffled drums, and the words of Enid Bagnold floated into mind:

And there thumps at the heart of the hill
On the house-wall—and runs
In the grass at the foot of the trees
The Reminder. The guns.

Every field, road, and the lane of the region was mapped by the Germans ere Mr. Britling saw it through. The Battle of Dorking had been planned. German barons owned estates in the vicinage. When the German Emperor was in England at the dedication of the Victoria Memorial a decade ago he toured the south coast with his staff officers for weeks.

But the beech and the yew, the holly and the bracken whispered naught of this to me as we clambered meanderingly to the high, free openness of Ranmore Common over the virid felt of the springing sod. Ranmore church, the creation of Sir Gilbert Scott in flint rubble, seemed nothing for a Surrey landscape to be very proud of as a beacon: but as we came down the hill on the other side toward Westcott, braking and sliding on our heels, I liked what my friends thought aloud of the common land. They spoke with the voice of the people. "When WE have the right of way, WE have it forever."

The commoner stands up and fights the big landlord."

Over the tops of the beeches that firmly kept their footing in the shale, we saw vistas that realized *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and I stopped to stroke the nose of a strawberry roan with shaggy fetlocks who put his head over the stile in a sober curiosity. There were hedgerows of yews and Scotch firs standing in a luminous translation of the sunlight into golden Vandyke brown. By unromantically named Pipp Brook below us, we espied the white convolvulus, the evening primrose, the massed rhododendrons—only the leaves—and even (pray, what was it doing in that gallery?) a young thicket of bamboo.

Somewhere in the vicinity, once upon a time, there was a bell known as the "Wipers Bell" from the name of Ypres, whence it was brought in the time of Edward III. Someone has lost it, within living memory. How careless of him, to misplace a ton or two of bell-metal! But the name "Wipers Bell" is still a household word in this withdrawn and quiet neighborhood, as though to bear witness that the British soldier's pronunciation of the famous Flanders city is no new thing under the sun.

The beginnings of Tillingbourne stream trickled from an iron pipe at the road's edge, but a man came with a bucket and took it away for his horses under our very eyes.

Lo! the beech-mast, beloved of our rummaging four-footed little brother Porcus since before the Romans came. Where are we coming? "Friday Street!" A curious name for a village. Can it be *Frigidoeges treow*—Friday's tree? These fox-gloves remind us that digitalis is now extracted from them, even as belladonna is expressed from the deadly nightshade—so that no longer need England depend on Germany for the supply of these things. But where is Friday Street? Is the street sign writ perchance in honeysuckle?

Over the hedgerow a voice impinges musically on our discussion.

"You are at the beginning of Friday Street now."

A scarlet bush of geum gleams brilliantly at the door, with a fiery trail of climbing nasturtium on the doorposts.

How dull we were that we did not know!

On the great flank of Leith Hill the Evelyns, descendants of John, still are lords of the manor, and their sign—let the Germans take notice—forbids among other things the deposit of old metal. So that we seem to be safe. The gorse pricks us resentfully as we force a shorter path through it to the crest of the hill. "When is kissing not in

season? When the gorse is not in bloom." That is to say, for about six weeks of the running year. What means this white circle drawn about a Scotch fir? It is marked for slaughter that it may go to line the trenches. Circumventing a rabbit-warren with nobody at home we come out through the mellow, kine-like breath of the trees and the sod to a gaunt tower on the hilltop. It was placed over the remains of someone. I do not wonder that he remained.

From a height of a thousand feet above sea level one looks out over laughing leagues of farming land and woodland, the dark green of oaks and elms shading to the fawn yellow of the exuberant fields of wheat and oats, sun-dappled or beclouded. The sea is barely to be descried. The fields are irregular of outline compared with those of France and Belgium. Their corners are as eccentrically angular as broken glass.

The air of security with which the cows and sheep of England browse and drowse militates against all prospect of such pitiable desolation as one sees in the invaded countryside of France. How could it happen here? How could the shells hurtle blasphemously into a village dreaming under its thatches and its honeysuckle, its geraniums and its climbing roses? It is left to the old men and the women to labor in the fields where once the feet of the young men trod sturdily. They are beyond the Channel—or beyond the stars. It is they who make these dull reverberations of the guns that smite our ears. When Gerald du Maurier wrote the play *An Englishman's Home*, men and women mocked him for it. Lord Roberts "pleaded and was not heard." Between the Huns and Britain men with their bodies have reared a living wall. For this hour of rest upon Leith Hill, for the brooding tranquillity of smoking chimneys there below, for the ruminant composure of the beasts of the field with their legs tucked under them, for the cool, deep shade of the beech trees and the pink translucence on the firs and the garden of enchantment where George Meredith amid his flowers heard the lark ascending—for these things men by the hundreds of thousands bleed and die. Shall any town of England be struck into rubble by the guns as the towns of France were wrecked and desolated? As I write the question the answer is borne afar upon the wind from Normandy, over the blue water and the fields with their nodding grain, under a spotless heaven that is still God's own.

FULLERTON L. WALDO.

Out of a Day

SHORE

Wind-burnished sands
Swept by slow surges
Of hammered silver,
Lighted with opal fires
Of white foam
Blown like a dancer's spirit
In the wind to vanish,
A fading brightness
Under steely skies—
Take me to you, O desolate sands
And waving plummy grasses,
Extinguish this restless fire of spirit
That I may become
Silent clear beauty
Like the dunes
Against the sky.

WANDERER

There is an enchanted hill
Close by the sea
All crystal still
Where my love laughing led me.

Blows the wind and water sings
Hoarse runic tunes
Of vanished things
Fled from life, haunting pale dunes.

Over that hill shadows fly
Cast by wild wings
Far in the sky,
And a voice—silver it sings.

Ancient towers thrust gold spires
Up to the sun,
And misty fires
Toss and fall, whirling they run.

Far from towns and mortal eyes
Down by the sand
That old hill lies
Bare of men—untrodden land.

Lost the pathway, dead my love,
Lost the hill
And wings above—
I go on, seeking it still.

PASSERBY

I am the wind
That goes smiling to himself
Down forgotten garden ways
Plucking pearl strands from yesterday's spider webs,
Rocking dead Autumn leaves
To sleep.

There is a garden
On a northern hillside
Waiting
To fling its shoots sunward
To burst into blossom, fiery, jubilant—
I am the wind.

I shall come on the wings of dawn
Laughing to myself
At a secret I have forgotten
And I shall whisper to leaves and tendrils,
To buds and shoots and branches.

Hot suns will shine after I have whispered
And riotous blooms will toss their heads
In that garden
And birds will flutter,
Hummingbirds and tanagers,
Swift as thoughts,
But not so swift as I
Who, unlike thought,
Pass
Into nothingness.

NOCTURNE

O music of hand clasped in hand
And beating pulse pressed upon pulse,
I have felt sad seas
Thunder your cadence in my body
While shrill gulls
Flaunted their whiteness
In wind-tossed spume;
I have heard restless winds
Sighing through wildly waving treetops;
I have heard thunder
Strike
And the echo go bounding over the mountain sides,
And the soft lapping of endless waves
In the hot silence of summer nights.

L'ENVOI

Gently the petals of time
Unseen, unheard,
Sublime,
Cover your glance, your smile, your word,
And my rhyme.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

Military Training as Education

IN SPITE OF the "war to end war," many good citizens are urging the establishment of universal military training in this country. If, as we were assured so many times during the past two years, the defeat of Germany will permit the nations to organize for peace without fear of unexpected interruption, the proposal must be advanced because its advocates believe six months or more in the army will be indispensable in American education. Now what is the educational value of military training in times of peace? Ask the next man you see, and he will doubtless say, as did an officer at the farewell dinner of our training company, that it teaches a man to keep his shoes shined and his trousers creased, and to say "sir" to his seniors. It may also help him to learn how to stand straight.

Other benefits are, indeed, expected. There is a vague approval of the "discipline" which a short experience of the military regime is supposed to instill into our unruly youth. Often this seems to be merely a polite expression of the hope that laborers will be taught not to strike and servants to be more zealous. But behind that exists a more worthy feeling—that if our young men are all run through the military machine we shall as a nation understand better how to work together and to produce more efficiently the results we want. And underlying all is an instinct which helped to send many of us into the army. It is the desire to get away from a too artificial and overcivilized world, a desire to gain power from victory over primitive hardships. The nation will become more masculine, it is believed, if men are thrown together and taught how to get along in a hostile world.

However it may have been with the men who saw actual fighting in France, those of us who remained six months or more in camps on this side felt an immense relief in returning to civilian simplicity and directness after the curiously artificialized existence of the army. The man who puts on a uniform soon discovers that he has not come nearer to reality—on the contrary, that he is farther away from it than ever. Every moment is formalized into a stiff pattern of behavior which is as difficult to practice gracefully as the etiquette of a Bourbon court. A dozen times a day the soldier is called to a formality at which he dare not be a moment late, and what he does at this formality has no more relation with the trade of war or any useful accomplishment than if he were practicing the latest tango in a ballroom. He learns to hold his rifle in

certain positions, to move it expeditiously and in a predetermined series of motions from one of these positions to another, to take his appointed place in many complicated formations of troops—but no one of these rifle positions or formations of men is ever used in battle. When saluting a superior officer he must hold his hand and arm at a certain angle; he must learn in deep detail when to salute and when not to salute. Except for brief periods of rest, the whole time of the recruit is taken up with intensive training in these and a hundred other rituals, and the effort to be letter-perfect in them is as exacting as must be the education of an English butler. When a man becomes proficient in them he is called "a good soldier," and it is frequently said that a good soldier cannot be made inside of three years; in fact some old sergeants assert that a good soldier must be born. At any rate, the attention which the recruit must give to such matters absorbs nearly all his intelligence and nervous energy. So absorbing were they, that it was difficult to remember that a war was being fought.

The expected intimacy with the primitive did not appear. We slept in wooden buildings, on cots and mattresses, and between sheets. Our food was furnished according to regulations from the Quartermaster, and cooked on stoves by cooks appointed and trained for that purpose. In none of the organizations of which I was a member were tents pitched, and the anticipated practice in the uses of a rifle was confined to one half a day on the range. We had some exercise, but not so much as any man can get in an outdoor job or in a camping or sailing trip.

It must not be supposed that any changes in this regime will be made as a result of the war. The first dogma of the military man is that training of this sort, rather than training in the actual business of warfare, is necessary as a kind of first coat before the final polish of field maneuvers can be applied. "The best battery on the parade ground is the best battery in action." Traditional infantry drill, like the traditional classics in our older colleges, is supposed to furnish an essential disciplinary basis for any more practical exercise. We ought therefore to consider whether forcing young men to behave according to these strange formalities for a few months is likely to produce the benefits anticipated.

The constant obedience which is required to make men alert in essentially ridiculous accomplishments is thought of intrinsic value by many. Yet it is doubtful whether such obedience, solemn-

ly enforced as it is by the fear of unpleasant punishments, can form a habit which will last long in the more natural civilian environment, where superiors may be selected, and a man's worth is more often measured by his originality and initiative than by his lack of it. The effect of such discipline before the war ended was merely repressive, and brought about nothing but an urgent desire to escape it. On the one hand many men were eager to get to the front, where "something real was doing," and they would at least have a chance to employ themselves in an undertaking which seemed to have some reason for existence. On the other hand those of any ambition were eager to become officers and so escape the stultifying obligations of the ranks. The only ones who remained inert under the routine were a few old regular army men to whom it had become an easy and professional habit, one which they would relinquish only reluctantly for any occupation demanding mental effort.

It is pure myth that the soldier acquires any capability in cooperation for hard work. Most of the tasks imposed upon him, particularly the physical labor usually known as "fatigue duty," are obviously invented to keep him busy. No one watches his work except to prevent him from loafing. He knows that a hard worker will acquire little credit from superiors, but will on the other hand be regarded by his comrades as a scab. He knows that the more he accomplishes the more will be given him to do. If he happens to begin his duties under the command of a good-natured sergeant he will probably be warned that there is no particular use in exerting himself. Many a man has told me that he never had such an easy time of it as regards work before he entered the army. The prevailing effort of the enlisted man is to shirk as much as possible. The colloquial use of "soldiering" is well justified by fact. One of the most common remarks of the private is that the army has made him so lazy that he will never be able to do good work again.

Those of us who succeeded in getting to an officers' training school found plenty to keep us busy, and we seemed closer to the activities which we had expected to find in war. We still felt, however, the gray repression caused by the stiff pattern of routine. I often wondered how much of our energy and interest was due to our desire to be effective in the war against Germany, and how much to any validity in the military method itself. So far as we did good work and gained anything at all out of the highly formalized teaching, it often seemed to me that we did so only through a consciousness of our function in the actual hostilities.

When the armistice was announced the answer to my question came. A striking failure of morale was felt throughout the school, the commandant being so worried by it that he announced that we should probably be retained in the service another year. Yet now the purpose for which we entered the army was removed, almost everyone found his studies only something to be endured in silence until he could get out of his uniform. When the announcement came that candidates could make a choice between immediate discharge and remaining to win reserve commissions on inactive duty, all classes except those within a week or two of graduation melted away, and this in spite of a most determined effort on the part of the responsible officers to bring disrepute on the men who availed themselves of the privilege of resignation.

Will the men who have experienced military education under the semi-peaceful conditions on this side of the Atlantic favor universal training? If to do so meant that they would have to spend another day in the service, the negative majority would be overwhelming. During my six months in uniform I have not talked with a single officer or man who was a civilian before the war and intended to remain in the army after the end of the emergency. Yet one is inclined, once an unprofitable experience is over, to count it a benefit and grant it a sentimental value. The men who would be sent to camp under the proposed law are not yet of voting age. Their elders may exhibit the quite human trait of wishing to enforce on the younger generation the same drilling they themselves have endured. There is also the impulse to exalt a loyalty to one's own past. At our farewell dinner the officers caught up the spirit of fellowship naturally existing among so many men who had lived so strangely together, and converted it into loyalty to the school and the army. We were flattered on our record, bidden to speak well of the military, to behave like soldiers the rest of our lives, and to vote for universal service. Such counsels are sure to have their effect. But the public should not take without critical examination the arguments usually advanced in behalf of military training as a method of education for peace. They should, on the contrary, weigh well such statements as were made by our commandant, when he expressed his sympathy because we had missed so narrowly the chance of fighting Germans, and attempted to console us by adding that labor troubles were imminent in this country, and that we might be called out at any time for "riot duty."

GEORGE SOULE.

Lamartine, the Patriot of the February Revolution

AN AMERICAN LIFE of Lamartine seems—at first blush—as appropriate as a French life of Longfellow. Mr. Whitehouse's two volumes (*The Life of Lamartine*—Houghton Mifflin; \$16) are not intended primarily for scholars, and as for the casual reader, he has learned long ago that Lamartine, like Longfellow, is little more than a Wordsworth *manqué*—an estimate which the present work in the main upholds. *La poésie lamartinienne* had its day and will continue to have its Brahmans. Le Lac and l'Isolement are unrivaled in their harmony and romantic idealism. Sainte-Beuve celebrated their appearance in the words: "One passed suddenly from a poetry dry, meagre and poor, to a poetry broad, abundant, elevated and all divine." But the world at large is cast in a rougher mold; it is at once more sophisticated and more simple because more experienced and profound; and it is to the credit of Lamartine that he himself held "this sublime gift of the gods in slight esteem." At the height of his literary fame (1838) he wrote to a friend: "Poetry has never been more to me than a prayer; the most beautiful and intense act of thought, but the shortest, and the one which deducts the least from the day's work." The fact is, and it is the object of Mr. Whitehouse to keep us from forgetting it, that Lamartine's "day's work" was political and not literary. The poet who in his youth sang of Graziella and Elvire, whose Wertherized soul longed for eternity, who in 1818 was all "despair and loneliness and lack of interest," is the selfsame person who in 1847 wrote the *Histoire des Girondins*; who a year later aided if he did not instigate the fall of the July monarchy, and who during the bedlam that followed alone had the courage and the skill—not to speak of his tireless energy—to conciliate the mob and to establish at least the semblance of a constitutional form of government. That in so doing he simply replaced one form of autocracy by another, the bourgeois reactionary Louis Philippe by the glittering imperialist Louis Napoléon, adds to the tragedy of his already tragic life. But the unfortunate result cannot in the least mar Lamartine's heroism or cloud the disinterested ideal of which he was as much a victim as an originator. There is no denying it: Lamartine made a strange Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Provisional Government—Heine wittily called him "Minister foreign to Affairs"—and a still stranger revolutionary leader, aristocratic as his origin and demeanor were. But he was the man-of-the-hour if

ever an individual was, and neither his country nor the world at large has ever accorded him the honor that is properly his. Thus, it is particularly as a vindication of Lamartine the poet-politician, that Mr. Whitehouse has written his life.

The world into which Alphonse was born in 1790 was one of turmoil and upheaval; and so it remained until his declining years. Well documented, Mr. Whitehouse neglects no important detail of the family history. Faithful to their royalist attachments the poet's parents weathered the storm of the Great Revolution *tant bien que mal*, giving to their son as "free" an education as their means and lights allowed, both of which were considerable. The Chevalier—as the father was called—had a marked leaning for literature and literary composition, while the mother, the stronger influence with the poet, united an "inexorable Catholicism" to a sentimental admiration for Rousseau. "Doubtless," writes her son, "because Rousseau possessed more than genius: he had soul." And it is precisely this quality, more than genius, insight, or ideas that is characteristic of Lamartine himself. Another significant fact is the reinforcement of the Rousseauistic principles by the poet's contact with the peasantry of the family estate at Milly and by the soothing, religious atmosphere of the Jesuit school in Belley with its beautiful surroundings and its proximity to the Alps. Desultory as Lamartine's education was, the aristocratic background, the Jesuit training for action, the humanitarianism of Rousseau and later of Madame de Staël—of whom he became a great admirer—conspired to instil in him a belief in the progress of mankind and in himself as its prophet which only the complete disillusionment of later life was to destroy.

To say then that Lamartine carried the Romanticism of literature into politics is not enough. As early as 1811 he confessed to his friend Virieu: "Je me suis créé des sociétés comme des maîtresses: 'imaginaires.'" This remark is far truer of the latter than the former. The detail did not escape the alert eye of Anatole France in his *l'Elvire de Lamartine*. Only Mr. Whitehouse is precise in saying:

"Whatever the relations between Lamartine and Madame Charles may have been . . . the limpid purity, the lofty spirituality of his poetry, for the birth of which she was directly responsible, is beyond all cavil. It was an ideal that Lamartine loved, perhaps, but Julie was not unworthy of the idealization to which she was subjected."

And he further notes that, as Madame Charles herself was to learn with bitterness, the fisherman's daughter Graziella had already inspired similar lofty effusions on the poet's part, and Madame Charles "not unnaturally objected to being classed in her lover's mind with the little Neapolitan grisette. With an eye on posterity she protested at being one day styled 'une bonne femme, pleine de coeur,' who had loved the poet Lamartine." So much for the lover. As for Lamartine the politician, he too idealized, and the glamour in which he enveloped his political acts are, in his biographer's opinion, the main cause of his gravest mistakes. Only an idealist could cling to a faith in the progressive liberalism of the French nation—and in his own popularity—at the moment when the reactionary forces, apparent to all but him, were about to seat Napoléon III on his uncle's throne. "M. de Lamartine n'entend rien à la politique," scornfully said the radical Ledru-Rollin, the opponent whom Lamartine was not only to outwit but to treat with unparalleled generosity. We must grant that "Lamartine did not possess, politically speaking, a very fine sense of values." Of the great French quality, *esprit*, he had not a glimmer. And yet the truth is that Lamartine the politician is a complex of qualities. Poetry apart, he was essentially a being cleft into by opposing tendencies: an aristocrat's generosity (which never failed him), a poet's enthusiasm and vanity, and a statesman's instinct for conciliation and general ideas. To these traits should be added an ineradicable aloofness—which may have been the product of the conflicting elements named.

Some such conclusion the reader will draw from Mr. Whitehouse's illuminating pages. The traits are there, though not always connectedly set forth. Mr. Whitehouse narrates well. The chapters on the Abdication of Louis Philippe, the Provisional Government, the thrilling Sixteenth of April, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, read like a romance. An eyewitness of those momentous days could not have seen as much for he would have had to be ubiquitous. Nor does the hero fail to occupy the center of the action or occupy it unnecessarily: Lamartine's absences from the arena are as significant as his presences. Thus we get a picture of the "man" Lamartine, as a boy, a lover, a diplomat, a traveler in the Orient, a husband, a father, and a patriot. Above all, we are present at the adventure of Lake Bourget, when Julie comes to possess his glowing soul, once for all; we see him in the Chambre in the heat of debate, in the anguish of those sleepless nights during the Revolution, when he expected every moment to be shot and yet never quailed, in the streets of the

mob-ridden capital when the lightning played about his head and he nevertheless found the words to calm the mob, and we accompany him in his moment of triumph on the fifteenth of May as he rode through Paris to the shouts of *Vive la République*. Perhaps it is captious to ask for more, still we long for a synthesis of so many details. Fascinating as Mr. Whitehouse's account is, the "complete" Lamartine does not altogether emerge.

One reason for this doubtless is that Mr. Whitehouse has isolated his hero somewhat more than the facts warrant. It is true we are told:

A Legitimist and Monarchist by tradition, but a progressive and fervent advocate, by conviction, for the most generous grants of political and social liberties, Lamartine invariably struggled for the doctrines he upheld.

But the idea is not developed and its relationship to the philosophy of Cousin—one of the progenitors of our own Transcendentalism—is not recognized. That Lamartine's pantheism, noted by Mr. Whitehouse en passant, is akin to Cousin's Spontaneous Reason "acquainting us with the true and essential nature of things," is shown among other instances by the poet's advice to Lord Byron:

Descends du rang des dieux qu'usurpait ton audace;
Tout est bien, tout est bon, tout est grand à sa place.

And also by the poetic—one is tempted to say "political"—application he makes of it in the preface to *Jocelyn*:

Les hommes ne s'intéressent plus tant aux individualités, ils les prennent pour ce qu'elles sont: des moyens ou des obstacles dans l'oeuvre commune. L'intérêt du genre humain s'attache au genre humain lui-même. La poésie redevient sacrée par la vérité, comme elle le fut jadis par la fable; elle redevient religieuse par la raison, et populaire par la philosophie. L'épopée n'est plus nationale ni héroïque, elle est bien plus, elle est humanitaire.

However it is Humanity in no modern, sociological sense of first-hand acquaintance, but Humanity as a Platonic vision, a Wertherized, Ossianic fusion of lyric motifs set to the roll of harmonious and resounding music. Such is the verse the poet writes, such are the orations he pronounces in the Chambre or to the populace of the Revolution. This, it seems, is the dominant and connecting motive of this extraordinary life. Lamartine was a *chantre* or, as Mr. Whitehouse recognizes at the outset, a *vates*. Had he himself not made the descent—he the son of the ancien régime—which he urges upon Byron? The Republic was to him the fruition of those who reason "spontaneously," not from below but from above. "Ou servir des idées, ou rien, voilà ma devise," he wrote to the Marquis de la Grange. Hence the attempt or attempts to place the monarchy on the side of the people; and hence

when these failed, his efforts by conciliatory means to brush the monarchy aside and let the people rule—though he considered that the moment was premature; hence finally the failure to see, because of the obsession that held him, the forces which were gathering for his destruction. This is not to deny him certain real political qualities: he could be astute, as when he kept the Opposition guessing or when he refused posts obviously beyond his capacities; he made friends, few to be sure but genuine ones; he upheld the national prestige abroad despite a foreign policy often ill-advised. All these points his biographer sees and is just to.

But he might have dwelt at greater length on the *faculté maîtresse* of his hero: the clarifying side of

the man that made him at once a patriot and a seer. For visionary and facile as Lamartine was, and premature as he realized some of his policies to be, he yet was right in so far that democracy must be coupled with magnanimity, that any so-called liberal form of government must be founded on the higher instincts of the race and have faith in them and consistently appeal to them—as Lamartine did—or democracy like the autocracy it seeks to destroy is another name for tyranny. The tragedy of Lamartine's life is epitomized in the phrase: *J'ai vécu pour la foule, je veux dormir seul*. It would be a greater tragedy still if the principle for which he lived should prove illusory.

WILLIAM A. NITZE.

The Modern Point of View and the New Order

VIII.

THE VESTED INTERESTS AND THE COMMON MAN

IN THE EIGHTEENTH century certain principles of enlightened common sense were thrown into formal shape and adopted by the civilized peoples of that time to govern the system of law and order, use and wont, under which they chose to live. So far as concerns economic relations the principles which so became incorporated into the system of civilized law and custom at that time were the principles of equal opportunity, self-determination, and self-help. Chief among the specific rights by which this civilized scheme of equal opportunity and self-help were to be safeguarded were the rights of free contract and security of property. These make up the substantial core of that system of principles which is called the modern point of view, in so far as concerns trade, industry, investment, credit obligations, and whatever else may properly be spoken of as economic institutions. And these still stand over today as paramount among the inalienable rights of all free citizens in all free countries; they are the groundwork of the economic system as it runs today, and this existing system can undergo no material change of character so long as these paramount rights of civilized men continue to be inalienable. Any move to set these rights aside would be subversive of the modern economic order; whereas no revision or alteration of established rights and usages will amount to a revolutionary movement so long as it does not disallow these paramount economic rights.

When the constituent principles of the modern point of view were accepted and the modern scheme

of civilized life was therewith endorsed by the civilized peoples, in the eighteenth century, these rights of self-direction and self-help were counted on as the particular and sufficient safeguard of equity and efficiency in any civilized country. They were counted on to establish equality among men in all their economic relations and to maintain the industrial system at the highest practicable degree of productive efficiency. They were counted on to give enduring effect to the rule of Live and Let Live. And such is still the value ascribed to these rights in the esteem of modern men. The maintenance of law and order still means primarily and chiefly the maintenance of these rights of ownership and pecuniary obligation.

But things have changed since that time in such a way that the rule of Live and Let Live is no longer sufficiently safeguarded by maintaining these rights in the shape given them in the eighteenth century—or at least there are large sections of the people in these civilized countries who are beginning to think so, which is just as good for practical purposes. Things have changed in such a way, since that time, that the ownership of property in large holdings now controls the nation's industry, and therefore controls the conditions of life for those who are or wish to be engaged in industry—at the same time that the same ownership of large wealth controls the markets and thereby controls the conditions of life for those who have to resort to the markets to sell or buy. In other words, it has come to pass with the change of circumstances that the

rule of Live and Let Live now waits on the discretion of the owners of large wealth. In fact, those thoughtful men in the eighteenth century who made so much of these constituent principles of the modern point of view did not contemplate anything like the system of large wealth, large-scale industry, and large-scale commerce and credit which prevails today. They did not foresee the new order in industry and business, and the system of rights and obligations which they installed, therefore, made no provision for the new order of things that has come on since their time.

The new order has brought the machine industry, corporation finance, big business, and the world market. Under this new order in business and industry, business controls industry. Invested wealth in large holdings controls the country's industrial system, directly by ownership of the plant, as in the mechanical industries, or indirectly through the market, as in farming. So that the population of these civilized countries now falls into two main classes: those who own wealth invested in large holdings and who thereby control the conditions of life for the rest; and those who do not own wealth in sufficiently large holdings and whose conditions of life are therefore controlled by these others. It is a division, not between those who have something and those who have nothing—as many socialists would be inclined to describe it—but between those who own wealth enough to make it count, and those who do not.

And all the while the scale on which the control of industry and the market is exercised goes on increasing; from which it follows that what was large enough for assured independence yesterday is no longer large enough for tomorrow. Seen from another direction, it is at the same time a division between those who live on free income and those who live by work—a division between the kept classes and the underlying community from which their keep is drawn. It is sometimes spoken of in this bearing—particularly by certain socialists—as a division between those who do no useful work and those who do; but this would be a hasty generalization, since not a few of those persons who have no assured free income also do no work that is of material use, as, for example, menial servants. But the gravest significance of this cleavage that so runs through the population of the advanced industrial countries lies in the fact that it is a division between the vested interests and the common man. It is a division between those who control the conditions of work and the rate and volume of output and to whom the net output of industry goes as free income, on the one hand, and those who have the

work to do and to whom a livelihood is allowed by those in control, on the other hand. In point of numbers it is a very uneven division, of course.

A vested interest is a legitimate right to get something for nothing, usually a prescriptive right to an income which is secured by controlling the traffic at one point or another. The owners of such a prescriptive right are also spoken of as a vested interest. Such persons make up what are called the kept classes. But the kept classes also comprise many persons who are entitled to a free income on other grounds than their ownership and control of industry or the market, as, for example, landlords and other persons classed as "gentry," the clergy, the Crown—where there is a Crown—and its officials, civil and military. Contrasted with these classes who make up the vested interests, and who derive an income from the established order of ownership and privilege, is the common man. He is common in the respect that he is not vested with such a prescriptive right to get something for nothing. And he is called common because such is the common lot of men under the new order of business and industry; and such will continue (increasingly) to be the common lot so long as the enlightened principles of secure ownership and self-help handed down from the eighteenth century continue to rule human affairs under the new order of industry.

The kept classes, whose free income is secured to them by the legitimate rights of the vested interests, are less numerous than the common man—less numerous by some ninety-five per cent or thereabouts—and less serviceable to the community at large in perhaps the same proportion, so far as regards any conceivable use for any material purpose. In this sense they are uncommon. But it is not usual to speak of the kept classes as the uncommon classes, since they personally differ from the common run of mankind in no sensible respect. It is more usual to speak of them as "the better classes," because they are in better circumstances and are better able to do as they like. Their place in the economic scheme of the civilized world is to consume the net product of the country's industry over cost, and so prevent a glut of the market.

But this broad distinction between the kept classes and their vested interests on the one side and the common man on the other side is by no means hard and fast. Doubtful cases are frequent, and a shifting across the line occurs now and again, but the broad distinction is not doubtful for all that. The great distinguishing mark of the common man is that he is helpless within the rules of the game as it is played in the twentieth century under the en-

lightened principles of the eighteenth century.

There are all degrees of this helplessness that characterizes the common lot. So much so that certain classes, professions, and occupations—such as the clergy, the military, the courts, police, and legal profession—are perhaps to be classed as belonging primarily with the vested interests, although they can scarcely be counted as vested interests in their own right, but rather as outlying and subsidiary vested interests whose security of tenure is conditioned on their serving the purposes of those principal and self-directing vested interests whose tenure rests immediately on large holdings of invested wealth. The income which goes to these subsidiary or dependent vested interests is of the nature of free income, in so far that it is drawn from the yearly product of the underlying community; but in another sense it is scarcely to be counted as “free” income, in that its continuance depends on the good will of those controlling vested interests whose power rests on the ownership of large invested wealth. Still it will be found that these subsidiary or auxiliary vested interests uniformly range themselves with their superiors in the same class, rather than with the common man. By sentiment and habitual outlook they belong with the kept classes, in that they are stanch defenders of that established order of law and custom which secures the great vested interests in power and insures the free income of the kept classes. In any twofold division of the population these are therefore, on the whole, to be ranged on the side of the old order, the vested interests, and the kept classes, both in sentiment and as regards the circumstances which condition their life and comfort.

Beyond these, whose life interests are, after all, closely bound up with the kept classes, there are other vested interests of a more doubtful and perplexing kind; classes and occupations which would seem to belong with the common lot, but which range themselves at least provisionally with the vested interests and can scarcely be denied standing as such. Such, as an illustrative instance, is the A. F. of L. Not that the constituency of the A. F. of L. can be said to live on free income, and is therefore to be counted in with the kept classes—the only reservation on that head would conceivably be the corps of officials in the A. F. of L., who dominate the policies of that organization and exercise a prescriptive right to dispose of its forces, at the same time that they habitually come in for an income drawn from the underlying organization. The rank and file assuredly are not of the kept classes, nor do they visibly come in for a free income. Yet they stand on the defensive in maintaining a vested interest in

the prerogatives of their organization. They are apparently moved by a feeling that so long as the established arrangements are maintained they will come in for a little something over and above what would come to them if they were to make common cause with the undistinguished common lot. In other words, they have a vested interest in a narrow margin of preference over and above what goes to the common man. But this narrow margin of net gain over the common lot, this vested right to get a narrow margin of something for nothing, has hitherto been sufficient to shape their sentiments and outlook in such a way as, in effect, to keep them loyal to the large business interests with whom they negotiate for this narrow margin of preference. As is true of the vested interests in business, so in the case of the A. F. of L., the ordinary ways and means of enforcing their claim to a little something over and above is the use of a reasonable sabotage, in the way of restriction, retardation, and unemployment. Yet the constituency of the A. F. of L., taken man for man, is not readily to be distinguished from the common sort so far as regards their conditions of life. The spirit of vested interest which animates them may, in fact, be nothing more to the point than an aimless survival.

Farther along the same line, larger and even more perplexing, is the case of the American farmers, who also are in the habit of ranging themselves, on the whole, with the vested interests rather than with the common man. By sentiment and outlook the farmers are, commonly, steady votaries of that established order which enables the vested interests to do a “big business” at their expense. Such is the tradition which still binds the farmers, however unequivocally their material circumstances under the new order of business and industry might seem to drive the other way. In the ordinary case the American farmer is now as helpless to control his own conditions of life as the commonest of the common run. He is caught between the vested interests who buy cheap and the vested interests who sell dear, and it is for him to take or leave what is offered—but ordinarily to take it, on pain of “getting left.”

There is still afloat among the rural population a slow-dying tradition of the “Independent Farmer,” who is reputed once upon a time to have lived his own life and done his own work as good him seemed, and who was content to let the world wag. But all that has gone by as completely as the other things that are told in tales which begin with “Once upon a time.” It has gone by into the same waste of regrets with the like independence which the country-town retailer is believed to have enjoyed once upon a time. But the country-town retailer

stands stiffly on the vested rights of the trade and of the town; he is by sentiment and habitual outlook a business man who guides, or would like to guide, his enterprise by the principle of charging what the traffic will bear, of buying cheap and selling dear. He still manages to sell dear, but he does not commonly buy cheap, except what he buys of the farmer, for the massive vested interests in the background now decide for him, in the main, how much his traffic will bear. He is not placed so very differently from the farmer in this respect, except that, being a middleman, he can in some appreciable degree shift the burden to a third party. The third party in the case is the farmer; the massive vested interests who move in the background of the market do not lend themselves to that purpose.

Except for the increasing number of tenant farmers, the American farmers of the large agricultural sections still are owners who cultivate their own ground. They are owners of property, who might be said to have an investment in their own farms, and therefore fancy that they have a vested interest in the farm and its earning-capacity. They have carried over out of the past and its old order of things a delusion to the effect that they have something to lose. It is quite a natural and rather an engaging delusion, since, barring incumbrances, they are seised of a good and valid title at law, to a very tangible and useful form of property. And by due provision of law and custom they are quite free to use or abuse their holdings in the land, to buy and sell it and its produce altogether at their own pleasure. It is small wonder if the farmers, with the genial traditions of the day before yesterday still running full and free in their sophisticated brains, are given to consider themselves typical holders of a legitimate vested interest of a very substantial kind. In all of which they count without their host; their host, under the new order of business, being those massive vested interests that move obscurely in the background of the market, and whose rule of life it is to buy cheap and sell dear.

In the ordinary case the farmers of the great American farming regions are owners of the land and improvements, except for an increasing proportion of tenant farmers. But it is the farmer-owner that is commonly had in mind in speaking of the American farmers as a class. Barring incumbrances, these farmer-owners have a good and valid title to their land and improvements; but their title remains good only so long as the run of the market for what they need and what they have to sell does not take such a turn that the title will pass by process of liquidation into other hands, as may always happen. And the run of the market which conditions the

farmer's work and livelihood has now come to depend on the highly impersonal maneuvers of those massive interests that move in the background and find a profit in buying cheap and selling dear. In point of law and custom there is, of course, nothing to hinder the American farmer from considering himself to be possessed of a vested interest in his farm and its working, if that pleases his fancy. The circumstances which decide what he may do with his farm and its equipment, however, are prescribed for him quite deliberately and quite narrowly by those other vested interests in the background that are massive enough to regulate the course of things in business and industry at large. He is caught in the system, and he does not govern the set and motions of the system. So that the question of his effectual standing as a vested interest becomes a question of fact, not of preference and genial tradition.

A vested interest is a legitimate right to get something for nothing. The American farmer—say, the ordinary farmer of the grain-growing Middle West—can be said to be possessed of such a vested interest only if he habitually and securely gets something in the way of free income above cost, counting as cost the ordinary rate of wages for work done on the farm plus ordinary returns on the replacement value of the means of production which he employs. Now it is notorious that, except for quite exceptional cases, there are no intangible assets in farming; and intangible assets are the chief and ordinary indication of free income, that is to say, of getting something for nothing. Any concern that can claim no intangible assets, in the way of valuable good-will, monopoly rights, or outstanding corporation securities, has no claim to be rated as a vested interest. What constitutes a valid claim to standing as a vested interest is the assured customary ability to get something more in the way of income than a full equivalent for tangible performance in the way of productive work.

The returns which these farmers are in the habit of getting from their own work and from the work of their household and hired help do not ordinarily include anything that can be called free or unearned income—unless one should go so far as to declare that income reckoned at ordinary rates on the tangible assets engaged in this industry is to be classed as unearned income, which is not the usual meaning of the expression. It may be that popular opinion on these matters will take such a turn some time that men will come to consider that income which is derived from the use of land and equipment is rightly to be counted as unearned income, because it does not correspond to any tangible performance in

the way of productive work on the part of the person to whom it goes. But for the present that is not the popular sense of the matter, and that is not the meaning of the words in popular usage. For the present, at least, reasonable returns on the replacement value of tangible assets are not considered to be unearned income.

It is true the habits of thought engendered by the machine system in industry and by the mechanically standardized organization of daily life under this new order, as well as by the material sciences, are of such a character as would incline the common man to rate all men and things in terms of tangible performance rather than in terms of legal title and ancient usage. And it may well come to pass, in time, that men will consider any income unearned which exceeds a fair return for tangible performance in the way of productive work on the part of the person to whom the income goes. The mechanistic logic of the new order of industry drives in that direction, and it may well be that the frame of mind engendered by this training in matter-of-fact ways of thinking will presently so shape popular sentiment that all income from property, simply on the basis of ownership, will be disallowed, whether the property is tangible or intangible. All that is a speculative question running into the future. It is to be recognized and taken account of that the immutable principles of law and equity, in matters of ownership and income as well as in other connections, are products of habit, and that habits are always liable to change in response to altered circumstances, and the drift of circumstances is now apparently setting in that direction. But popular sentiment has not yet reached that degree of emancipation from those good old principles of self-help and secure ownership that go to make up the modern (eighteenth century) point of view in law and custom. The equity of income derived from the use of tangible property may presently become a moot question; but it is not so today, outside of certain classes in the population whom the law and the courts are endeavoring to discourage. It is the business of the law and the courts to discourage any change of insight or opinion.

It appears, therefore, that his conditions of life should throw the American farmer in with the common man who has substantially nothing to lose, beyond what the vested interests of business can always take over at their own discretion and in their own good time. In point of material fact he has ceased to be a self-directing agent; and self-help has for him come substantially to be a make-believe; although, of course, in point of legal formality he still continues to enjoy all the ancient rights and

immunities of secure ownership and self-help. Yet it is no less patent a fact of current history that the American farmer continues, on the whole, to stand fast by those principles of self-help and free bargaining which enable the vested interests to play fast and loose with him and all his works. Such is the force of habit and tradition.

The reason, or at least the preconception, by force of which the American farmers have been led, in effect, to side with the vested interests rather than with the common man, comes of the fact that the farmers are not only farmers but also owners of speculative real estate. And it is as speculators in land values that they find themselves on the side of unearned income. As land-owners they aim and confidently hope to get something for nothing in the unearned increase of land values. But all the while they overlook the fact that the future increase of land values, on which they pin their hopes, is already discounted in the present price of the land—except for exceptional and fortuitous cases. As is known to all persons who are at all informed on this topic, farmland holdings in the typical American farming regions are overcapitalized, in the sense that the current market value of these farmlands is considerably greater than the capitalized value of the income to be derived from their current use as farmlands. This excess value of the farmlands is a speculative value due to discounting the future increased value which these lands are expected to gain with the further growth of population and with increasing facilities for marketing the farm products of the locality. It is therefore as a land speculator holding his land for a rise, not as a husbandman cultivating the soil for a livelihood, that the prairie farmer, for example, comes in for an excess value and an overcapitalization of his holdings. All of which has much in common with the intangible assets of the vested interests, and all of which persuades the prairie farmer that he is of a class apart from the common man who has nothing to lose. But he can come in for this unearned gain only by the eventual sale of his holdings, not in their current use as a means of production in farming. As a business man doing a speculative business in farmlands the American farmer, in a small way, runs true to form and so is entitled to a modest place among that class of substantial citizens who get something for nothing by cornering the supply and "sitting tight." And all the while the massive interests that move obscurely in the background of the market are increasingly in a position, in their own good time, to disallow the farmer just so much of this stillborn gain as they may dispassionately consider to be convenient for

their own use. And the farmer-speculator of the prairies continues to stand fast by the principles of equity which entitle the vested interests to play fast and loose with him and all his works.

The facts of the case stand somewhat different as regards the American farmer's gains from his work as a husbandman, or from the use which he makes of his land and stock in farming. His returns from his work are notably scant. So much so that it is still an open question whether, taken one with another, the American farmer's assets in land and other equipment enable him, one year with another, to earn more than what would count as ordinary wages for the labor which these assets enable him to put into his product. But it is beyond question that the common run of those American farmers who "work their own land" get at the best a very modest return for the use of their land and stock—so scant, indeed, that if usage admitted such an expression it would be fair to say that the farmer, considered as a going concern, should be credited with an appreciable item of "negative intangible assets," such as habitually to reduce the net average return on his total active assets appreciably below the ordinary rate of discount. His case, in other words, is the reverse of the typical business concern of the larger sort, which comes in for a net excess over ordinary rates of discount on its tangible assets, and which is thereby enabled to write into its accounts a certain amount of intangible assets, and so come into line as a vested interest. The farmer, too, is caught in the net of the new order; but his occupation does not belong to that new order of business enterprise in which earning-capacity habitually outruns the capitalized value of the underlying physical property.

Evidently the cleavage due to be brought on by the new order in business and industry, between the vested interests and the common man, has not yet fallen into clear lines, at least not in America. The common man does not know himself as such, at least not yet, and the sections of the population which go to make up the common lot as contrasted with the vested interests have not yet learned to make common cause. The American tradition stands in the way. This tradition says that the people of the republic are made up of ungraded masterless men who enjoy all the rights and immunities of self-direction, self-help, free bargaining, and equal opportunity, quite after the fashion that was sketched into the great constituent documents of the eighteenth century. Much doubt and some discontent is afoot. It is becoming increasingly

evident that the facts of everyday life under the new order do not fall in with the inherited principles of law and custom; but the farmers, farm laborers, factory hands, mine workmen, lumber hands, and retail tradesmen have not come to anything like a realization of the new order of economic life which throws them in together on one side of a line of division, on the other side of which stand the vested interests and the kept classes. They have not yet come to realize that all of them together have nothing to lose except such things as the vested interests can quite legally and legitimately deprive them of, with full sanction of law and custom as it runs, so soon and so far as it shall suit the convenience of the vested interests to make such a move. These people of the variegated mass have no safeguard, in fact, against the control of their conditions of life exercised by those massive interests that move obscurely in the background of the market, except such considerations of expediency as may govern the maneuvers of those massive ones who so move obscurely in the background. That is to say, the conditions of life for the variegated mass are determined by what the traffic will bear, according to the calculations of self-help which guide the vested interests, all the while that the farmers, workmen, consumers, the common lot, are still animated with the fancy that they have themselves something to say in these premises.

It is otherwise with the vested interests, on the whole. They take a more perspicuous view of their own case and of the predicament of the common man, the party of the second part. Whereas the variegated mass that makes up the common lot have not hitherto deliberately taken sides together or defined their own attitude toward the established system of law and order and its continuance, and so are neither in the right nor in the wrong as regards this matter, the vested interests and the kept classes, on the other hand, have reached insight and definition of what they need, want, and are entitled to. They have deliberated and chosen their part in the division, partly by interest and partly by ingrained habitual bent, no doubt—and they are always in the right. They owe their position and the blessings that come of it—free income and social prerogative—to the continued enforcement of eighteenth century principles of law and order under conditions created by the twentieth century state of the industrial arts. Therefore it is incumbent on them, in point of expediency, to stand strongly for the established order of inalienable eighteenth century rights; and they are at the same time in the right, in point of law and morals, in so doing, since what is right in law and morals is

always a question of settled habit, and settled habit is always a legacy out of the past. To take their own part, therefore, the vested interests and the kept classes have nothing more perplexing to do than simply to follow the leadings of their settled code in all questions of law and order and thereby to fall neatly in with the leading of their own pecuniary advantage, and always and on both counts to keep their poise as safe and sound citizens intelligently abiding by the good old principles of right and honest living which safeguard their vested rights.

The common man is not so fortunate. He cannot effectually take his own part in this difficult conjuncture of circumstances without getting on the wrong side of the established run of law and morals. Unless he is content to go on as the party of the second part in a traffic that is controlled by the massive interests on the footing of what they consider that the traffic will bear, he will find himself in the wrong and may even come in for the comfortless attention of the courts. Whereas if he makes his peace with the established run of law and custom, and so continues to be rated as a good man and true, he will find that his livelihood falls into a dubious and increasingly precarious case. It is not for nothing that he is a common man.

So caught in a quandary, it is small wonder if the common man is somewhat irresponsible and unsteady in his aims and conduct, so far as touches industrial affairs. A pious regard for the received code of right and honest living holds him to a submissive quietism, a make-believe of self-help and fair dealing, whereas the material and pecuniary circumstances that condition his livelihood under this new order drive him to fall back on the underlying rule of Live and Let Live, and to revise the established code of law and custom to such purpose that the underlying rule of life shall be brought into bearing in point of fact as well as in point of legal formality. And the training to which the hard matter-of-fact logic of the machine industry and the mechanical organization of life now subjects him, constantly bends him to a matter-of-fact outlook, to a rating of men and things in terms of tangible performance, and to an ever slighter respect for the traditional principles that have come down from the eighteenth century. The common man is constantly and increasingly exposed to the risk of becoming an undesirable citizen in the eyes of the votaries of law and order. In other words, vested rights to free income are no longer felt to be secure in case the common man should take over the direction of affairs.

Such a vested right to free income, that is to say

the legitimate right of the kept classes to their keep at the cost of the underlying community, does not fall in with the lines of that mechanistic outlook and mechanistic logic which is forever gaining ground as the new order of industry goes forward. Such free income, which measures neither the investor's personal contribution to the production of goods nor his necessary consumption while engaged in industry, does not fit in with that mechanistic reckoning that runs in terms of tangible performance, and that grows ever increasingly habitual and convincing with every further habituation to the new order of things in the industrial world. Vested perquisites have no place in the new scheme of things; hence the new scheme is a menace. It is true, the well stabilized principles of the eighteenth century still continue to rate the investor as a producer of goods; but it is equally true that such a rating is palpable nonsense according to the mechanistic calculus of the new order brought into bearing by the mechanical industry and material science. This may all be an untoward and distasteful turn of circumstances, but there is no gain of tranquillity to be got from ignoring it.

So it comes about that, increasingly, throughout broad classes in these industrial countries there is coming to be visible a lack of respect and affection for the vested interests, whether of business or of privilege; and it rises to the pitch of distrust and plain disallowance among those on whom the preconceptions of the eighteenth century sit more lightly and loosely. It still is all vague and shifty—so much so that the guardians of law and order are still persuaded that they "have the situation in hand." But the popular feeling of incongruity and uselessness in the current run of law and custom under the rule of these timeworn preconceptions is visibly gaining ground and gathering consistency, even in so well ordered a republic as America. A cleavage of sentiment is beginning to run between the vested interests and the variegated mass of the common lot; and increasingly the common man is growing apathetic, or even impervious, to appeals grounded on these timeworn preconceptions of equity and good usage.

The fact of such a cleavage, as well as the existence of any ground for it, is painstakingly denied by the spokesmen of the vested interests; and in support of that comfortable delusion they will cite the exemplary fashion in which certain monopolistic labor organizations "stand pat." It is true, such a quasi-vested interest as the A. F. of L., which unbidden assumes to speak for the common man, can doubtless be counted on to "stand pat" on that system of imponderables in which its vested perquisites reside. So also the kept classes, and their stewards among

the keepers of law and custom, are inflexibly content to let well enough alone. They can be counted on to see nothing more to the point than a stupidly subversive rapacity in that loosening of the bonds of convention that so makes light of the sacred rights of vested interest. Interested motives may count for something on both sides, but it is also true that the kept classes and the businesslike managers of the vested interests, whose place in the economy of nature it is to make money by conforming to the received law and custom, have not in the same degree undergone the shattering discipline of the New Order. They are, therefore, still to be found standing blamelessly on the stable principles of the Modern Point of View.

But a large fraction of the people in the industrial countries is visibly growing uneasy under these principles as they work out under existing circumstances. So, for example, it is evident that the common man within the United Kingdom, in so far as the Labor Party is his accredited spokesman, is increasingly restive under the state of "things as they are," and it is scarcely less evident that he finds his abiding grievance in the Vested Interests and that system of law and custom which cherishes them. And these men, as well as their like in other countries, are still in an unsettled state of advance to positions more definitely at variance with the received law and custom. In some instances, and indeed in more or less massive formation, this movement of dissent has already reached the limit of tolerance and has found itself sharply checked by the constituted keepers of law and custom.

It is perhaps not unwarranted to count the I. W. W. as such a vanguard of dissent, in spite of the slight consistency and the exuberance of its movements. After all, these and their like, here and in other countries, are an element of appreciable weight in the population. They are also increasingly numerous, in spite of well-conceived repressive measures, and they appear to grow increasingly sure. And it will not do to lose sight of the presumption that, while they may be gravely in the wrong, they are likely not to be far out of touch with the undistinguished mass of the common sort who still continue to live within the law. It should seem likely that the peculiar moral and intellectual bent which marks them as "undesirable citizens" will, all the while, be found to run closer to that of the common man than the corresponding bent of the law-abiding beneficiaries under the existing system.

Vaguely, perhaps, and with a picturesque irresponsibility, these and their like are talking and thinking at cross-purposes with the principles of

free bargain and self-help. There is reason to believe that to their own thinking, when cast in the terms in which they conceive these things, their notions of reasonable human intercourse are not equally fantastic and inconclusive. So, there is the dread word, Syndicalism, which is quite properly unintelligible to the kept classes and the adepts of corporation finance, and which has no definable meaning within the constituent principles of the eighteenth century. But the notion of it seems to come easy, by mere lapse of habit, to these others in whom the discipline of the New Order has begun to displace the preconceptions of the eighteenth century.

Then there are, in this country, the agrarian syndicalists, in the shape of the Nonpartisan League—large, loose, animated, and untidy, but sure of itself in its settled disallowance of the Vested Interests, and fast passing the limit of tolerance in its inattention to the timeworn principles of equity. How serious is the moral dereliction and the subversive stupidity of these agrarian syndicalists, in the eyes of those who still hold fast to the eighteenth century, may be gathered from the animation of the business community, the commercial clubs, the Rotarians, and the traveling salesmen, in any place where the League raises its untidy head. And as if advisedly to complete the case, these agrarians, as well as their running-mates in the industrial centers and along the open road, are found to be slack in respect of their national spirit. So, at least, it is said by those who are interested to know.

It is not that these and their like are ready with "a satisfactory constructive program," such as the people of the uplift require to be shown before they will believe that things are due to change. It is something of a simpler and cruder sort, such as history is full of, to the effect that whenever and so far as the timeworn rules no longer fit the new material circumstances they presently fail to carry conviction as they once did. Such wear and tear of institutions is unavoidable where circumstances change; and it is through the altered personal equation of those elements of the population which are most directly exposed to the changing circumstances that the wear and tear of institutions may be expected to take effect. To these untidy creatures of the New Order common honesty appears to mean vaguely something else, perhaps something more exacting, than what was "nominated in the bond" at the time when the free bargain and self-help were written into the moral constitution of Christendom by the handicraft industry and the petty trade. And why should it not?

THORSTEIN VEBLEN.

The Literary Abbozzo

THE ITALIANS use the word *abbozzo*—meaning a sketch or unfinished work—not only in reference to drawing or painting but also as a sculptural term. The group of unfinished sculptures by Michelangelo in Florence, for example, takes this name; they are called simply *abbozzi*. The stone is still rough—the conception has only just begun to appear; it has not yet wholly or freely emerged. There is an impressiveness in the way in which the powerful figures seem struggling with the rock for release. And it is no wonder that Rodin and others have seen in this particular stage of a piece of sculpture a hint for a new method based on the clear enough esthetic value of what might be called the provocatively incomplete.

Unfortunately, in literature as in sculpture, the vogue of the incomplete has become too general, and has in consequence attracted many who are without a clear understanding of its principles. Two misconceptions regarding it are particularly common: one, that it is relatively formless, and therefore easier than a method more precise; the other, that it is a universal style, applicable to any one of the whole gamut of themes. Neither of these notions, of course, is true. The literary *abbozzo*—or to be more precise, the poetic *abbozzo*—demands a high degree of skill, a very sure instinct. And it should be equally apparent that it is properly applicable to what is relatively only a small number of moods or themes—among which one might place conspicuously the dithyrambic and the enumerative. These are moods which irregularity will often save from monotony. Whitman's catalogues would be even worse than they are had they been written as conscientiously in heroic couplets. The same is perhaps true of the dithyrambs of Ossian. Both poets to have been successful in a more skilfully elaborate style would have been compelled to delete a great deal . . . which would no doubt have been an improvement.

This makes one a little suspicious of the *abbozzo*: is it possible that we overrate it a trifle? Might we not safely suggest to those artists whom we suspect of greatness, or even of very great skill merely, that their employment of the *abbozzo* should be chiefly as relaxation? But they will hardly need to be told. The provocatively incomplete—which is to be sharply distinguished from the merely truncated or slovenly—has its charm, its beautiful suggestiveness; but in proportion as the artist is powerful he will

find the *abbozzo* insufficient, he will want to substitute for this charm, this delicate hover, a beauty and strength more palpable. The charm which inheres in the implied rather than the explicit he knows how to retain—he will retain it in the dim counterpoint of thought itself.

The poems of Miss Lola Ridge (*The Ghetto and Other Poems*—Huebsch; \$1.25) raise all these issues sharply, no less because the author has richness and originality of sensibility, and at times brilliance of idea, than because she follows this now too common vogue. Here is a vivid personality, even a powerful one, clearly aware of the peculiar experience which is its own—a not too frequent gift. It rejoices in the streaming and garishly lighted multiplicity of the city: it turns eagerly toward the semi-tropical fecundity of the meaner streets and tenement districts. Here it is the human item that most attracts Miss Ridge—Jews, for the most part, seen darkly and warmly against a background of social consciousness, of rebelliousness even. She arranges her figures for us with a muscular force which seems masculine; it is singular to come upon a book written by a woman in which vigor is so clearly a more natural quality than grace. This is sometimes merely strident, it is true. When she compares Time to a paralytic, "A mildewed hulk above the nations squatting," one fails to respond. Nor is one moved precisely as Miss Ridge might hope when she tells us of a wind which "noses among them like a skunk that roots about the heart." It is apparent from the frequency with which such falsities occur—particularly in the section called *Labor*—that Miss Ridge is a trifle obsessed with the concern of being powerful: she forgets that the harsh is only harsh when used sparingly, the loud only loud when it emerges from the quiet. She is uncertain enough of herself to deal in harshnesses wholesale and to scream them.

But with due allowances made for these extravagances—the extravagances of the brilliant but somewhat too abounding amateur—one must pay one's respects to Miss Ridge for her very frequent verbal felicities, for her images brightly lighted, for a few shorter poems which are clusters of glittering phrases, and for the human richness of one longer poem, *The Ghetto*, in which the vigorous and the tender are admirably fused. Here Miss Ridge's reactions are fullest and truest. Here she is under no compulsion to be strident. And it is precisely

because here she is relatively most successful that one is most awkwardly conscious of the defects inherent in the whole method for which Miss Ridge stands. This is a use of the "provocatively incomplete"—as concerns form—in which, unfortunately, the provocative has been left out. If we consider again, for a moment, Michelangelo's *abbozzi* we become aware how slightly, by comparison, Miss Ridge's figures have begun to emerge. Have they emerged enough to suggest the clear overtone of the thing completed? The charm of the incomplete is of course in its positing of a norm which it suggests, approaches, retreats from, or at points actually touches. The ghost of completeness alternately shines and dims. But for Miss Ridge these subtleties of form do not come forward. She is content

to use for the most part a direct prose, with only seldom an interpellation of the metrical, and the metrical of a not particularly skilful sort. The latent harmonies are never evoked.

One hesitates to make suggestions. Miss Ridge might have to sacrifice too much vigor and richness to obtain a greater beauty of form: the effort might prove her undoing. By the degree of her success or failure in this undertaking, however, she would become aware of her real capacities as an artist. Or is she wise enough to know beforehand that the effort would be fruitless, and that she has already reached what is for her the right pitch? That would be a confession but it would leave us, even so, a wide margin for gratitude.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Biology of War

IN OCTOBER 1914, when ninety-three of Germany's savants signed their famous Manifesto to the Civilized (sic) World, defending the course of their government in the negotiations that had led to war, one man, Dr. G. F. Nicolai, Professor of Physiology at the University of Berlin and consulting specialist to the German Empress, refused to lend his name to the document. Rather he denounced it as venially evasive and insincere, drew up a contrary document indicting the whole diplomacy of imperialistic Europe, and went about, Quixote-like, seeking signatures. Getting none, he wrote with angry vigor *The Biology of War* (Century; \$3.50), had it published in Switzerland, allowed it to be smuggled into Germany, and naturally found his way into jail. There two young scientists, won by his passionate courage, came to his rescue, hurried him in latest romantic style to a waiting aeroplane, and flew with him to Denmark.

Artistry in style and method must not be asked of a book so conceived and born; nor any sustained calmness of speech or judgment in contemporary reference. The book is not so much a scientific treatise as an extended polemical pamphlet, almost a diatribe—but it would have taken a bloodless man to write with frigid impartiality in the midst of war-mad foes. What most stirs Dr. Nicolai to impassioned rebuttal is the contention of Junker scribes that war is biologically natural, inevitable, and desirable. It might be one or another of these; but to argue for all three is to fall on the other side of the truth. Of course the fact in this matter eludes absolute statement and lurks among distinc-

tions. If war mean merely individual fighting, it is natural enough, and conceivably desirable as an occasional relief from "law and order"; if war mean fighting between two groups of the one species, then war is an unnatural, exceptional thing in the animal world, being popular only among ants and men. Almost throughout nature struggle is with environmental obstruction rather than within the species: the teeth and claws of the tiger are for other species, not for other tigers. Struggle within the species is indirect: the best equipped for getting food and fighting other species survive; the worst equipped succumb. Struggle is natural, but war is human. "There is nothing natural, nothing great, nothing noble about war; it is merely one of the numberless consequences of the introduction of private property." Hence the ants, which accumulate property, also know the arts of slavery and war.

It is less than half a truth, too, that war is naturally based in the pugnacity of the "herd" (Trotter's view). It is clear enough that we love our families and our homes, and are by native disposition ready to fight for them; it is not clear that we are by nature disposed to fight for 60,000,000 people whom we have never seen. We must be taught that these three score millions are to be fought for, and that these others over the border are "natural" food for our powder. It is true that we are born with a disposition to fight for our goods; it is not true that we are born with a disposition to fight to protect the goods of others. We have to be taught that the goods of others are (only for the passing purpose) our own. If we were born

with a disposition to fight for other people's goods, and for people whom we have never seen, we would have fought without urging for the wage-slaves of Lawrence and the slaughtered serfs of Colorado. Without urging we would not do it. And it is not otherwise with war: a thousand reams of print and a thousand reels of film must stretch our little pugnacities to the mighty scope of war. And so those who, like Freud and Jones, reduce war to "unconscious" motivation, miss the center of the fact. These unconscious sources will suffice to produce a scrimmage on the campus or a quarrel in the streets; but war calls for conscious organization, stimulation and direction, and its sources are to be found rather in the minority that stimulates and organizes and directs than in the really gentle mob that fights and dies or lives to pay. Hence, finally, the error of those who (like our author) think to destroy war by proving it financially injurious to the victorious nation. War will go merrily on, generation after generation, so long as it may seem profitable to the minority that chances to be in power—and in the present structure and complexity of states it is always a minority that wields the power. Therefore democracy, if it is democracy, does in some modest measure make for peace; for to distribute power is to decrease the individual share in the spoils, and so to lessen the temptations that call to arms.

But the biologists of wars are not so easily routed. Surely war weeds out the unfit, and aptly serves selection. So far as "the unfit" means individuals, the argument is among the casualties of the war. It is the "unfit" that have survived to increase and multiply; it is the "fit" whose clear flame has been snuffed out in the painless ecstasy of battle. "The blind, deaf and dumb, idiots, hunchbacks, scrofulous and impotent persons, imbeciles, paralytics, epileptics, dwarfs, and abortions—all these . . . can stay at home and dress their ulcers while the brave, strong young men are rotting on the battle-field." So far as "the unfit" are groups and institutions, the argument has better ground; it was this, no doubt, that Heraclitus, Carlyle of Ephesus, had in mind when he declared that "war is the father of all things." But it is as clear as a day in June that the fitness by which institutions and groups are selected in war is not fitness in general but fitness merely for war. And in this process of elimination and survival many groups and institutions may be selected which for vital purposes other than war are not as obviously "fit" as they might be: autocratic class-structures, for example, and the coercive

state, and collective conceit, and a tongued-tied press, and the subtly poisoned wells of public thought. Selection might conceivably proceed by economic competition (as now, to some degree, within the state) rather than by ordeal of battle; and there are some who believe that the last ordeal would not have come had economic competition been left quite free. When selection by war replaces selection by economic ability, premium and incentive are taken from the creative capacities of production and placed upon the disruptive faculties of competitive destruction. The trouble with war is not that it is a dangerous struggle—there were more deaths by infantile disease in England during the first year of the war than by battle on the English front—but that it is a foolish one, unfair and unproductive of anything but further war.

The bald truth of the matter, of course, is that the biological argument for war is an afterthought, an effort some have made to conceal economic privilege in the decent drapery of science, as others have tried to cover it with idealistic gloss. A victorious Germany would have withdrawn the drapery and shown us a Belgium conquered and a middle Europe absorbed and feudalized; a victorious England frankly forgets that she fought for "the rights of small nations," and prepares to add some unwilling colonies to her vast collection. Germany is learning the lesson of this deceit; victory may blind us to it. Germany began with Bernhardi, and ends with Nicolai; we began with Nicolai, and seem resolved to end with Bernhardi. Nicolai appeals to Germany to think internationally; one wonders will she be permitted. Apparently, if the imperialistic bloc that signed the Pact of London on September 5, 1914 maintains ascendancy at Paris, the nations that have lost this war for democracy and against militarism will have won it, and the nations that have won it will have lost it. The Allies have given freedom to Germany, and seem willing to accept Prussianism in return.

One is reminded of the story (source forgotten) of the Dukhobor who, forgetting the geographical variability of morals, tried to go naked in the streets of London. A policeman set out gravely to capture him, but found himself distanced because of his heavy clothing. Therefore he divested himself, as he ran, of garment after garment, until he was naked: and so lightened caught his prey. But then it was impossible to tell which was the Dukhobor and which was the policeman.

WILL DURANT.

An American Pendennis

THE CHANCES for the great American novel grow fewer and fewer. The novels which we regard as characteristic of England, or France, or Spain were written when the social classes of those countries were still in the stratified contact prescribed by feudalism, or when it could be truthfully said that certain of these classes did not count. If these characteristic and circumscriptive novels had not been written, it is safe to say that we should forever lack them. The American novel delayed its advent beyond the time when our life was simple and homogeneous, until its program has become too ambitious for fulfilment. American novelists have chosen to work within sectional limits or class limits: where they have attempted to transcend the boundaries alike of locality and class they have merely illustrated the magnitude of their task without performing it. The great American novel must remain a goal to be approximated, not attained.

But though this be true, the approach to the American novel will continue to intrigue us—in no book of the past year more subtly than in Mr. Booth Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons* (Doubleday, Page; \$1.50). The primary demand that the American novel shall give us the specific quality of American life, not in its local manifestations and dialect but in its general bearing and language, is here eminently fulfilled. The scene of the story is clearly the Middle West, and the atmosphere is that of a newly arrived city, Indianapolis, or Cleveland, or Omaha; but the spiritual values are no less current in Boston, or Atlanta, or San Francisco—in short they are American. The limitation that it is a class novel is balanced by the fact that it is the typically American class which is presented—the class which incarnates the American ideal and to which all good Americans aspire. And its period is that of the flowering of American civilization after the Civil War, the last truly American period before foreign influence set in with the World's Fair.

How total is Mr. Tarkington's recall of the American Biedermeyer period is evident in the pages of his mise en scene. It was the period when elegance of personal appearance was believed to rest more upon the texture of garments than upon their shaping. "A silk dress . . . remained distinguished by merely remaining silk." He reminds us of the stovepipe hat, in which "without self-consciousness men went rowing"; and "the long contagion of the Derby," of which the crown varied from a bucket to a spoon; and of the "Side-burns

that found nourishment upon youthful profiles." He notes with uncanny precision the architectural arrangements of the houses, just beginning to boast the bathroom, in which "the American plumber joke was planted"; the domestic service, at wages of two to three dollars a week; the horse cars which would wait for a lady who whistled from an upstairs window, "while she shut the window, put on her hat and cloak, went downstairs, found an umbrella, told the girl what to have for dinner, and came forth from the house." He recalls the habit of serenading with such songs as *Silver Threads Among the Gold*, and Kathleen Mavourneen; the sports, croquet and archery, with euchre for indoors; and the esthetic movement. He delights us with the brilliant slang of the period when "Does your mother know you're out?" was a mild insult, and the conventional repartee to "Pull down your vest," was "Wipe off your chin."

In this period Major Amberson built Amberson Addition, the local Versailles, with cast-iron statues at the intersections of the streets—Minerva, Mercury, Gladiator, Emperor Augustus, Wounded Doe—and in the center the Amberson Mansion on a four-acre lot, with sixty thousand dollars' worth of black walnut woodwork inside. The Addition is a symbol of the magnificence of the Ambersons and of their period. Its decay marks the destructive progress of the American city with its waste, meanness, and squalor. The last view of Amberson Addition has a grotesque pathos which we all recognize:

Other houses had become boarding-houses. . . . One having torn out part of an old stone-trimmed bay window for purposes of commercial display, showed two suspended petticoats and a pair of oyster-coloured flannel trousers to prove the claims of its black-and-gilt sign: "French Cleaning and Dye House." Its next neighbour also sported a remodelled front and permitted no doubt that its mission in life was to attend cosily upon death: "J. M. Rolsener, Caskets. The Funeral Home." And beyond that, a plain old honest four-square gray-painted brick house was flamboyantly decorated with a great gilt scroll on the railing of the old-fashioned veranda: "Mutual Benev't Order Cavaliers and Dames of Purity."

The combination of characters embodies the typical American family group with external material for complications of the purely American variety. There is young George, his grandfather, Major Amberson, his mother and her consort of the inferior Minafer clan, his uncles, the congressman and the would-be ambassador, his aunt Fanny on the Minafer side; and challenging the magnificence of the Ambersons there are Eugene Morgan, the wanderer returning to the scenes of his youth with his strange belief in horseless carriages, and

Lucy, his daughter. There are materials for two romances in two generations, which Mr. Tarkington develops with his usual enthusiasm for youth and tenderness for middle age. But the real love of the book is that of Isabel Minafer for her son George.

George Amberson Minafer is the product of the magnificence of the Ambersons and the love of his mother. He lives with intolerable egoism in the world which these have created for him. He is the aristocratic tough boy, who in his Fauntleroy suit and brown curls fights the street boys and tells the minister to go to hell. Later he drives furiously through the streets of his native town to the exasperation and danger of its citizens. He insults his guests, scorns his father, bullies his aunt. He completes the climax when he interferes brutally to blight the second blooming romance of his mother. Yet in all this George is but the victim of the dead hand of the former generation. His mother's love is as a congenital ailment which leaves him incomplete. George Minafer is in fact a moral idiot; in destroying his mother's romance he wrecks his own. There is something very powerful in Mr. Tarkington's working out of this theme—the love of Isabel Minafer for her son is really a monstrous paradox but it is clothed in a garb so usual, so domestic, that we do not recognize it for what it is. It is the fate of Greek tragedy in an American home.

It is this sense that George is a victim and not morally responsible which occurs again and again just in time to keep the reader from renouncing him utterly as a cur and a cad. It is this that justifies his redemption. Here Mr. Tarkington's hand is less sure than in the downward movement of his story, and the result less convincing. We have to take George's regeneration by virtue of the purging power of enforced renunciation, of poverty

and work, largely on faith. Our confidence in the telepathic machinery by which the reconciliation of George and the Morgans is brought about is imperfect. This machinery, however, is to be taken in part symbolically. It represents the love of Isabel Minafer still watching over and protecting her son. Once again we have an old and dignified theme, this time the theme of atonement, wrought into the common stuff of American life, but so subtly that we are hardly aware of it. The love of Isabel nearly ruined her son; but in some mysterious way the spiritual value of it is not lost, and in the end it becomes his salvation.

This solution gives the final touch of American quality to Mr. Tarkington's novel. It is not with him merely a matter of crude optimism or of providing the novel reader's satisfaction. It is rather an assessment of life values in which the world appears to America. Readers of the *Education of Henry Adams* will remember his question—"The woman had once been supreme—why was she unknown in America?" Mr. Tarkington's novel gives one answer. Sex in one form is prepotent in America. "An American Virgin would never dare command," says Adams. True, but an American mother in her subjection is stronger than the Virgin on her throne. It is to Mr. Tarkington's credit as an artist that he fits this theme perfectly into the American setting and handles it with reserve and proportion, in good faith and without cynicism. His method is disarmingly simple and his touch gentle, with the good nature that in America takes the place of urbanity. Above all, he gives us spiritual values according to American standards, and professes his own artistic belief in them.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Empty Balloons

A FEW OF THE Victorian letter writers, at their best, are the best. Fitzgerald, for instance; often Rossetti; and somewhat less often, Morris. Moreover they were all almost unimaginably voluminous. So the field was white for the reapers, and indefatigably has it been reaped. Even now we occasionally get a new collection with power to charm. Even when, as in a recent volume which dealt with the sculptor Woolner, the letters center about some wholly second-rate figure they occasionally give sidelights that are marvelously revealing. Darwin, wishful to know from a careful student of nude models how far down he had ever seen a blush

extend, repays for a hundred pages of commonplace.

But most of the collections of these Victorian letters are stodge. They lie upon the readers with a weight heavy as frost. Often the letters are signed by great names, but even the signature of a Pickwick lends no thrill to chops and tomato sauce. When they foreshadow publication, as they often do, they have the dullness of a rehearsal; they lack the inspirational realization of an actual audience.

Why were the Victorians, or so many of them, so dull off the platform of their public appearance? To ridicule their set performances is in itself ridicu-

lous. Tennyson, for all his sentimentality, will last in the grateful memory of men till melody no longer charms the ear. We did hear his voice, far above singing; we hear it still. The world is full of clever women nowadays, but the Mill on the Floss remains serenely above their competition. Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, according to Professor Phelps in *The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature*, are pyrites; but careful smelting seems still to reward many readers of their articles. But oh the letters of Tennyson and George Eliot and Ruskin and Arnold! Solemn or playful, they are equally ponderous.

The Victorians were like great balloons. In public they were filled with purpose. That purpose buoyed them up and carried them soaring. In private life they seem to have become somehow deflated, and in consequence lax and flabby of thought. And this laxity and flabbiness appears in their correspondence. Their letters are neither natural and friendly, like Fitzgerald's, nor vivid and powerful, like Emerson's; merely dull.

In this sad world one demands either to be informed, or to be inspired, or to be diverted. Granting for the sake of the argument that the English letter-writers seldom inspire the reader, may one further inquire why they so seldom divert? Are the English really not a humorous people, such as Lord Bryce in his well-known analysis of Americans declares us to be? Certainly Bairnsfather is humorous—but then Bairnsfather is Scotch, is he not? Wells is humorous—but then Wells is—Wells. But how about Charlie Chaplin? No, the charge fails. And there are few Americans who will not admit the immense superiority of *Punch* to *Life*, provided they have read both publications, or even provided they have read *Life* only. And yet *Punch* is always self-conscious, and usually pompous; can humor be pompous and self-conscious?

These are not profound speculations. But then, the volumes that educed them—*Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps*, Edited by E. A. Helps (Lane; \$4) and *Some Hawarden Letters: 1878-1913*, edited by Lisle March-Phillips and Bertram Christian (Dodd, Mead; \$4)—are not very profound, either, although in both cases the attitude of the editors might fairly be called reverential. The correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps is edited by his son. Sir Arthur was Clerk of the Privy Council of England; had the honor of editing the Prince Consort's Speeches and Addresses and the Queen's Leaves from the *Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*; wrote many volumes, including fiction, all forgotten now, but in their day highly praised by Helps' many friends. Helps died in 1875.

The letters include both his own and many written to him. His own letters are, as Carlyle remarked of his writing in general, mild and lucent. They deal mostly with the abstractions of political and social reform. Infrequently Helps comments on people he meets, Mrs. Stowe for instance, of whom he says, "She seems to me a ladylike, very sensible, unassuming person." The description does not badly fit Sir Arthur. Of the letters he received, the most numerous are from Ruskin and Carlyle.

Ruskin and Carlyle appear not infrequently also in the other volume—letters written to Mrs. Drew. She was Mary Gladstone, third daughter of William E. Gladstone. As the letters in the Helps collection run to 1875; and those in the Drew collection from 1878 to 1913, one might naturally conclude that the two volumes taken together would give a sort of consecutive general view of England for the sixty years or so preceding the war. No conclusion could be more erroneous. Consecutiveness of impression is entirely lacking—even the consecutiveness of the kaleidoscope, which at least falls into patterns. Ruskin, Burne-Jones, and George Wyndham are the only individuals in the volume whose characters stand out in any relief.

Of these Ruskin unfortunately is made to appear unpardonably silly. Of course, he was an old man writing to a young girl; the years had battered him, and his indignations had weakened his mentality; yet these were the years of *Praeterita*, and the mushy futility of Ruskin's letters in this volume we really ought to have been spared. Burne-Jones' letters are quite another matter. A letter from him on the threatened restoration of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice is nearer to vigor than anything else in the whole languid book; and his industry, his kindness, and his melancholy are all made plain. But easily the most attractive figure of them all is Wyndham's. An utter aristocrat, he prayed from the bottom of his heart for the welfare of the people, in whose capacity to manage themselves he was never able to believe; a cultivated and fastidious gentleman, he loved above all things directness, strength, and vigor; he never cherished an animosity, never forgot a favor, and never made a dull speech. But even he has written some dull letters which the editor faithfully includes.

Some Hawarden Letters is attractively illustrated, including a photograph of Mrs. Drew's marriage certificate, with the signatures of Edward VII and George V as witnesses. Somehow this particular illustration seems to epitomize the volume.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

THE DIAL

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, *Editor*

GEORGE DONLIN

CLARENCE BRITTEN

HAROLD STEARNS

In Charge of the Reconstruction Program:

JOHN DEWEY

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

HELEN MAROT

HOW MUCH LONGER WILL THE AMERICAN PUBLIC endure our shameful intervention in Russia? How much longer are we to permit our troops, enlisted under a democratic banner, to be used as pawns in the imperialistic political game which the Allies have been and are now openly playing in that country? We have no hesitation in asking these questions, for the truth is that if our Government does not see fit soon to put a stop to this anti-American adventure, the American people will put a stop to it themselves. We have already endured too many mistakes in our Russian policy quietly to endure many more. The most recent incident in that policy—the mishandling of the communication from the British Government by our State Department—shows how little our officials are to be entrusted with the formulation of any democratic foreign policy, when left unchecked or uncriticized. The British note proposed recognition, at least tacitly, of the Soviet Government in Russia, and representation of that Government at the Peace Conference. Yet incredible as it may seem, this proposal of supreme importance apparently did not even reach the eyes of Acting Secretary of State Frank L. Polk until after the publication of M. Pichon's statement in Paris rejecting the proposal in the name of France. Needless to add, the proposal was not communicated to the President in Paris, and if newspaper dispatches report correctly, our peace delegates there were as much astonished as the general public at the revelation that the proposal had been made. This is only one incident among many where important documents, either through malice or through ignorance, have been lost somewhere in the red tape of the State Department so that they have never reached the people who ought first to have seen them. All the evidence goes to show that our State Department is an example of monumental inefficiency. This recent incident is appalling enough to make people lose all confidence in its method of handling our foreign, and especially our Russian, policy. We have no doubt that had President Wilson been informed of those important developments in the situation of which he ought to have been informed, he would today be the advocate of a simple and direct and democratic Russian policy instead of being, as he is, obviously embarrassed by a policy which is personally distasteful to him—a policy, moreover, which is

thoroughly ambiguous. But we have conclusive evidence that the President has never been so informed—until it has become too late. We may here point out that Lloyd George has been forced to change his attitude toward the Soviet Government in Russia by the rising anger and protest of the British people. For us also but one corrective force remains—the force of a united and angered public opinion. It must be made clear to our Government and to the President that the lives of our men in Russia are not a matter of negligible importance. It must be made clear that we entered this war to crush German militarism, and that with this task accomplished, we are not interested in acting as the bond collectors for any European Government. It must be made clear that we are disgusted and ashamed at the campaign of falsehood and misrepresentation about Russia which our Government has seen fit to allow. It must be made clear that our Government is the servant and not the master of the American people. It is for the people and not for a small autocratic clique to say whether our men are to remain in Russia killing Russian peasants and workingmen. As the *New Statesman* succinctly says of English policy in its issue of December 21:

What we now seem to be drifting into is a war against a Government which now commands the allegiance of the mass of the Russian people, a war which, whatever it may be in theory, would in effect inevitably prove to be a war on behalf of a small monarchist class. However certain we may be that the Bolsheviks' experiment in "catastrophic Socialism" will fail, it is not our business to stop it. We may watch it with interest, or we may contemptuously say that we will "leave Russia to stew in her own juice." But we have neither the duty nor even the right to suppress it merely because we dislike it and to kill British soldiers in the operation.

It is the duty of every American to inform himself of the real situation. Already there has been organized a Truth About Russia Society, composed entirely of patriotic Americans, for the purpose of giving the public the established and undisputed facts. Everyone should join this organization. Everyone should help in the arrangements for mass meetings, in the circulation of petitions. Everyone should write or telegraph his representatives at Washington. This type of legitimate pressure upon our elected representatives should not be relinquished until there is no mistaking the will of the American people—or their temper.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE IS CONFRONTED BY four groups of questions: penological, territorial, commercial, and social. Of these the first three are most interesting to the type of mind of members of the Conference; but while they are in the foreground, the social situation enforced by the challenge of Bolshevism must be latent in every discussion. It is this situation which makes the all-inclusive and transcending problem of the Conference the question whether it can make peace at all, whether the elements in control of the dominant nations can so harmonize their penological, political, and commercial interests that the fabric of international relations can be restored. For if they fail—if they cannot end war and the menace of it—the present civilization is doomed. Now the restoration of the international fabric is brought within bounds of possibility by the proposed League of Free Nations. There has been much discussion as to whether its establishment should be given priority over other matters, or be relegated to the background, to be taken up after territorial claims and financial penalties have been adjusted. Such postponement, however, was promptly seen to imply that the League of Nations would be dealt with perfunctorily, half-heartedly, and skeptically; at best it would be a vague union, valuable chiefly as a preliminary sketch of what good intentions might accomplish if backed by an authority that would in all probability be lacking; at worst it would be a Holy Alliance designed to insure the permanence of such arrangements, territorial and commercial, as the dominant powers might impose. Only if the establishment of the League of Nations be given priority is there much chance of its becoming an effective power in the world. Those who regard the League as the primary object of the Conference will probably not have the strength to secure this priority of consideration, but the territorial and commercial questions are so complicated and difficult that it may prove that the sponsors of this or that claim or policy may be driven to support the priority of the League, as the only possible means of securing progress. It is coming to be perceived that only by renunciation is any political settlement of the world possible. The Central Powers have already been notified pretty clearly of the sacrifices expected of them; the finger of the world is pointed at grasping Italy; Poland, Roumania and the New Slavic States will be called upon to modify their demands. Nothing would advance the settlement so much as the inclusion of Ireland, Egypt, India, and the Philippines under the formula of self-determination. Now the League, truly conceived, represents essentially just this idea of renunciation—it undertakes to insure that sacrifice of sovereignty or possession shall not mean loss of safety or prosperity. It is evident that the League, if it were already in existence, would simplify enormously the problems of settlement by providing machinery and safeguards for their solution.

It is therefore possible that the urgent need will result in the creation of the instrument. And it is further possible that through the League such a system of political and commercial readjustments throughout the world may be reached that the social question may be kept in the background, and left to be answered by the nations individually, under the aegis of self-determination. The connection between the social situation and political policy in the minds of the diplomats who compose the Conference is obvious. It is the pressure of social unrest that is impelling certain nations to demand the uttermost fruits of victory in territory and indemnity. But only the blindest fail to see that extreme demands enforced against one nation will make that nation a home for the anarchy which is a menace to all. And only the dullest imagine that the people of any nation will support the strain of continued preparedness for a war made inevitable by a peace of conquest. To put it plainly, the fundamental necessity for a better world is a great sacrifice of the instinct for possession. If the Peace Conference can arrange a plan under which this sacrifice is made primarily by the existing nations, through a generous arrangement of their political and commercial relations, then we may look with some confidence toward a relatively peaceful social readjustment within their borders. But if this plan fails—if the predatory instincts sway the Conference to concern itself chiefly with demands for territory, indemnity, and commercial privilege on the part of the victors—then, indeed, the rulers of the world will have proved once more their unfitness, and this time the people cannot be deceived. It will then be certain that no beneficent world order can come out of societies which are based on the possessive instincts of mankind. To deny priority to the League is to grant it to the Revolution. The choice is before the Conference—a peace of generosity, self-denial, and good will—or anarchy.

THE PROGRAM OF THE NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL Research marks two departures from the conventional academic attitude toward the social sciences. One is in the direction of realism in education—an application of principles as old as Comenius.

The object of the school will be to give properly qualified and earnest men and women, whether they have had an academic education or not, an opportunity to carry on serious and profitable advanced research in the fields of government and social organization. Here they may not only study the actual conditions and follow the changes which are constantly taking place in our dynamic society, but they will be enabled to see our present difficulties in the light of scientific, philosophic, and historical knowledge. Hitherto there has commonly been a fatal gap between so-called theory and practice. It is the chief business of the new school to bridge this gap; for all intelligent practice is based on theory, and all theories that are calculated to aid reform are nothing but broad and critical ways of viewing practice.

The other is in the direction of simplifying

academic machinery and releasing both students and teachers from the regimentation which is the basis of academic organization and hierarchy. Of the students the program has this to say:

The regular students will be presumed to be in the school to carry on each for himself his own chosen work with the help of the men and books which are put at his disposal. In every case each of them will have his special line of outside investigation into the social and economic and political phenomena of the world in which we live. This line he will be pursuing, regardless of terms and lectures, with such persistence as his energy permits. Informal discussion, reading, individual pondering, and above all a constant anxiety to get a first hand acquaintance with what is actually going on, will be the main ambitions of this new school.

There will be no ordinary "examinations," no system of accountancy which enables the indifferent student to accumulate academic credit bit by bit. The only credit possible will be the willingness of the instructors to express approval of the student's ability, achievements, and promise.

And of the teachers:

It is hoped that no "inferiority complex" will be formed among the younger members, who in many institutions feel themselves hopelessly subordinated to men who have passed the state of active readjustment. There will be no academic ranks or hierarchy, except the distinctions, in no way invidious, between the regular staff, upon whom the conduct of the school will devolve, the temporary assistants or apprentices, and the lecturers from the outside who will be appointed for a term only.

There is a third departure, implicit though not formally expressed in the present announcement. It is obviously the intention of the founders to emancipate the new School for Research from any dependence upon capitalistic interests which have been assumed to influence social and economic teaching in American colleges. In this respect it may be regarded as a movement in the direction of dissent, non-conformity, congregationalism, similar to that which marks the decline of established churches and is a prelude to their disestablishment. By the disestablishment of a church—Irish, Welsh, Anglican, or Gallican—is understood not only the exclusion of its clergy from official sanction, but, more important, the separation of the institution from endowments, official revenue, and patronage. The disestablishment of university education in the United States may scarcely be prophesied from the appearance of the new school as a sort of free kirk outside the jurisdiction of the synod. Nevertheless it is a sign of the times which may become a portent.

The school opens February first at 465 West Twenty-third Street. The presence among the teachers of Professors Veblen, Beard, J. H. Robinson, W. C. Mitchell, and others will indicate to readers of *THE DIAL* the character and value of the instruction offered. *THE DIAL* greets the New School with cordial good wishes.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE for Armenian and Syrian relief, which will last the week of January 12 to 19, should enlist the sympathy

of everyone. Millions of Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, and Persians were deprived of all their possessions and of the very means of life in 1915, when they were deported and massacred by the Turks. Nearly four millions of these people have survived, struggling into precarious safety in Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Russian Caucasus. Here for months past they have been utterly dependent on the charity of strangers. To all their miseries the final overwhelming sorrow of family separation has often been added—indeed the marvel is that any remnant has survived, that any refugees, after years of wandering and torment, staggered, starving and half-naked, into any sphere of help. These pathetic beings, alien in race, religion, and sympathies to the government under which they have lived for centuries, make an especially immediate appeal. For the chaos of the Near East has for so long been everybody's business that it runs the risk of soon becoming nobody's business. It should be a point of honor with America that we will not allow these people to perish. And fortunately the American Committee does not contemplate mere charity. To feed the hungry and clothe the naked is only the beginning. The commission intends to examine causes and so far as possible devise preventive work for the future. The American expedition will include trained nurses, doctors, expert mechanics, sanitary engineers, agriculturists, orphanage superintendents, and teachers. Yet important as this work is, it must be financed entirely by voluntary subscription. We are offered a practical opportunity to show what esprit de corps among nations means. For whatever the foundation of the future League of Nations, it must rest for its last security upon the spiritual sanction of fellowship and human pity for unmerited suffering.

SINCE its last issue *THE DIAL* has received many communications in confirmation of its demand for the release of political prisoners, including conscientious objectors. It is possible to publish only one of these—the admirably reasoned statement of the problems of conscience and martyrdom in war which appears on page 93. The facts in regard to the treatment of conscientious objectors are now appearing in the press, notably in the *New York World*. They bear out the conclusion that American soldiers can be guilty of atrocities no less mad than those attributed to their enemies—and further establish the impotence of a well-intentioned Secretary of War to deal with his subordinates committing them. His original order discharging three officers was withdrawn because they were in the regular army and could not be dismissed without trial—and no charges have been brought. The release of conscientious objectors now in confinement, the punishment of men who tortured them, are responsibilities of the American people. They are a challenge to its chivalry—a test of its morale.

Foreign Comment

BARBUSSE'S VIEW OF PRESIDENT WILSON

From the day that President Wilson landed in France we have been learning of the French Socialists' attempts to "capture" Wilson. This may have been somewhat confusing to those not acquainted with the partisan bitterness of French politics, for the truth of the matter is that all the radical parties in Europe are hoping to use Wilson as a club over the more reactionary members of their own governments. In Italy, especially, the overtures of the Socialist Party to President Wilson over the head of the regular Government had a dramatic directness and appeal. The following article written by Henri Barbusse, author of *Under Fire*, in the December 15, 1918 issue of *Le Populaire*, the Paris Socialist paper, reveals what high hopes the radical parties of France place in President Wilson. The translation is by Andre Tridon. The article in *Le Populaire* was called *Wilson, Citizen of the World*, and follows:

Wilson is one of the loftiest figures in this war and in our times, if not the loftiest. Above ambition, compromise, and world-wide intrigue, he has stated principles which are to regulate the common life of human societies, in words which are admirably clear and accurate. The body of his messages constitutes the noblest and most complete presentation any statesman ever made of the essential postulates of internationalism. He has not been the first to formulate a doctrine of international politics which in its main points and in its general spirit is that of the socialist party, but at least he has seen far ahead, he has seen the ultimate goal. He has understood that advance in one direction is inseparable from advance in other directions, that truth begets truth and that all truths become one, and that the important thing is to create something consistent, to be really constructive.

The very importance of his presidential post enhances his glory, not only because it has given more weight to his words, but because it raised obstacles which he had to surmount. He is a great ethical teacher, a great human type. He is a forerunner of the integral democracy. Thanks to him and regardless of what tomorrow may bring, the first step taken by democracy was a giant stride.

Compared to him the men who govern Europe cut small figures, and as far as we French are concerned, we shall have no cause to pride ourselves, some day, on the small stir created, after Wilson's creative words, by the harangues of those academicians who preside over our republic and our cabinet, and who have only been moved by the thought of a peaceful organization of the world—the ones, to silence; the others, to irony.

It is not difficult for anyone to say that he desires justice and universal peace. That was the constant pretension of Napoleon I and of William II. Nor is it difficult for anyone to say that he agrees with Wilson. Many have been proclaiming that they do.

It would be better, however, to realize what such a profession of faith binds one to. It would be better to understand that whosoever wants the end must want the means. It would be better to want both the means and the end.

If at this time, when the future of the world is being built up under conditions which are not such as to reassure the righteous-minded, we did not feel so deeply perturbed, we would smile at all those projected Leagues

of Nations shrinking to the dimensions of exclusive or official clubs, at all those grand appeals to a hate-ridden fraternity, at all those machinations that would bring about an internationalism devoid of any international spirit.

But we would usurp the prerogatives of those who shall judge us some day, if we should assign his proper place to the man whose public promises are not a mere veil cast over secret dealings; to the man who, in our troublous times, has been not only the mightiest among men, but the most clear-sighted and the most sincere; to the man who has been able to define masterfully the complex world problem by planting the accurate stakes of his formulas—democracy versus autocracy, self-determination of nations, open diplomacy, no annexations and no indemnities, no economic barriers; to the chief of state who has not jeered at the democratic strivings of Russia and Germany; to the splendid logician who dared to say that general interest must be placed above national interest, a noble saying which casts upon world ethics a radiance comparable to that which, emanating from the precepts of the early Christians, revolutionized the souls of men.

It is the duty of the Socialist Party to greet respectfully and to acclaim gratefully the President of the United States. It may come to pass (for the very purity of his thought does not allow us to retain many illusions) that Wilson the Exceptional will become some day Wilson the Lonely; that the ambitions of other dominating forces may succeed in discarding or in disfiguring by burlesquing it, a doctrine whose complete, or simply honest, application would officially deal a death blow to imperialism; and that little by little all beauty shall be taken away from the Wilsonian Commandments. We shall wage a stubborn fight that such a thing may never be. Regardless of whatever may happen, however, the great party of the poor, of the workers, of mankind, will never cease to give his deserts to the ruler who has proved the most sensational broadener of ideas and destroyer of abuses.

The socialist ideal must not become identified with any man, whatever his genius or his sense of justice may be. That ideal has become too lucid, too conscious, too concrete. The Peoples' International will sooner or later put an end to the deepest and most interminable of human tragedies, and that organization shall be reared by the masses themselves, over the age-worn remains of a cankered society. But it shall be elementary justice on the part of the new society to recognize the enormous advance achieved by the ideas of social liberation, thanks to the school-teacher who became the ruler of the world's mightiest nation. It shall be said then that, alone among the mighty, in these days of deluge, he found himself in accord with eternal truth, and that, after all, no human being has done more than he has to eliminate an order of things which for the past six thousand years has been breeding war, and to eliminate war which for the past six thousand years has upheld this order of things.

HENRI BARBUSSE.

QUESTIONS

In the *Toronto Statesman* of January 11, 1919 appears a list of questions which the British Labor Party, in the recent election in England, asked of Lloyd George. Needless to say, the British Government did not answer them. Neither were they answered in the campaign speeches of the Coalition candidates. The text is substantially as follows:

1. Are there now 50,000 soldiers of the Allies at Archangel fighting Bolshevik Russia? Is their commander now in London asking for reinforcements? Will the safety of these men be endangered unless they are recalled before the winter ice makes their return impos-

sible? Is the Government influenced in this matter by the fact that the French Government accepted Russian coupons as payment for war loans?

2. Does the Government believe that the documents proving the Bolsheviks to have been in league with the German militarists are genuine? Does the Censor pass them for publication in the press? Were they refused here as forgeries before a more credulous institution in Washington accepted them?

3. Is the British Government taking any steps for the restoration of the Czarism in Russia? Is it true that the new currency for Northern Russia was sent from this country and was found on arrival to bear the imperial eagle? Was this just folly or intelligent anticipation?

PEACE OR WAR?

On February 24, 1918, Nicolai Lenin made the following statement (given only in its essential part) in justification of his contention that the harsh terms of Brest-Litovsk, imposed upon helpless Russia by the Germans, should be ratified. The statement was part of his fight against revolutionary ideology which issued in no definite action. It presents a striking contrast to the fiery invective of Trotsky:

The reply of the Germans, as the leaders see, gives us terms of peace even more difficult than those of Brest-Litovsk. And yet I am absolutely convinced that only complete intoxication with the revolutionary phrase can persuade anyone to refuse to sign these terms. This is why I began in articles in the Pravda signed "Karpov" a merciless struggle against the "revolutionary phrase" and against the "revolutionary itch" because I saw in it the greatest danger to our party—and therefore to the revolution. Revolutionary parties that strictly carry out revolutionary slogans have been ill with "revolutionary phrase" many times in history, and perished on account of it. . . . In thesis 17 I wrote that if we should refuse to sign the proposed peace, then "hardest defeats will compel Russia to make an even more unprofitable peace." It proved to be even worse because our retreating and demobilizing army refused altogether to fight. At the present moment only impetuous phrases could force Russia, in its immediate hopeless condition, back into the war; and I personally will of course not remain for a second in a government or on the central committee of our party, if the policy of phrase is to take the upper hand. Today the bitter truth has shown itself so horribly clear that it is impossible not to see it. The entire bourgeoisie of Russia is rejoicing and celebrating the arrival of the Germans. Only those who are intoxicated with mere phrases can shut their eyes to the fact that the policy of a revolutionary war—without an army—is water to the mill of the bourgeoisie. In Dwinsk Russian officers are already wearing their shoulder straps. In Riezhitza the bourgeoisie greeted the Germans with great joy. In Petrograd, on the Nevsky, in the bourgeois newspapers—the Rietch, the Dielo Naroda, the Novy Lutch, and others—everyone is preparing to celebrate the anticipated overthrow of Soviet power by the Germans. Everybody must by this time see that those against this immediate, against this supremely difficult peace, are ruining Soviet power. We are compelled to go through a most difficult peace. This peace will not stop the revolution in Germany and in Europe. We will organize a Revolutionary Army not by phrases and exclamations—as it was being organized by those who, from the 7th of January on did not do anything to prevent our armies from running away—but by organization, by action creating a serious, national, mighty army.

Communications

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS

SIR: The letter of John Nevin Sayre, which was published in THE DIAL of December 28, prompts me to write to you in regard to the treatment of political prisoners in America—a matter which touches the conscience of each one of us.

For several months I have followed with increasing interest and amazement the discussion and communications published in some of our journals concerning the small group of conscientious objectors to physical combat, who are now caught between the upper and nether millstones of popular superstition and inertia. I have finally come to believe that the circumstances concerning these men constitute so intricate and curious a problem that their rescue can only be effected by finding whose peculiar wards they are, and which of our institutions should claim the right of interpreting their situation in a manner to secure their exemption from further punishment. The liberal press has put the burden of this responsibility quite squarely upon its readers and it is now necessary that a still further specialization of responsibility be accepted.

In the first analysis the release of these prisoners will be a thoroughly practical issue and will have to be undertaken on definite grounds by persons to whose special keeping has been entrusted the order of interests peculiarly menaced by the incarceration and legalized illtreatment of these men.

Instinctively some of us turn to the Church, feeling that the Church does truly claim the right to protect the man or woman who clearly follows the dictates of that which we have grown accustomed to call conscience. All of us know that the human lineage of the Church militant is a lineage of saints and martyrs, and that in all ages these have constituted a small residue of beings differing from the mass of persons with whom they have been contemporaries, and who, because of some phase of other-mindedness concerning right and wrong not in consonance with the common-mindedness, have opposed the common will rather than betray the truth as it appeared to them. Such beings in all times have brought upon themselves monstrous sufferings. The crowd which has condemned them for sin has also condemned them for folly, since they have chosen sorrow and bitter hardship rather than speak the word or give the sign of yielding which would place them once again in harmony with their fellows and bring relief from their sufferings. Personally, I shall always believe that the Church is the rightful apologist for all those who suffer for conscience' sake; but I also believe that her historical affiliation with the State, especially in times of war, makes her sincerely doubt the genuineness

of any call which inclines an individual to place himself at variance with the national decree in war time. So that, although the Church honors above all other possessions those martyrs who in past centuries have shed the bitter tears and blood of physical anguish rather than submit to decrees which were repugnant to their conscience, she appears to find herself unable to defend the same quality of conduct when such conduct is in disaccord with the generally recognized interests of the State in times of war. Such a thought causes infinite distress and raises within one the question as to how far the temporal kingdom has made ground over the kingdom where "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

If we admit that these men are sincere in their convictions, then we must look upon them whether or no as martyrs, since they suffer for conscience' sake. On the other hand, if we consider martyrdom an inconvenience and anachronism in these later days, our celebration of such virtues as practised in the past becomes simply a fashion of homage and tribute to a legendary and mythical period of great beauty and dignity. No other way seems open to us unless we are prepared to admit that God himself has so unmistakably sanctioned warfare between nations that the man who obeys a contrary indication is misled by the voice of the Evil One and therefore, from the medieval point of view, can only be turned from his evil way by torture.

The difficulty may lie far deeper than many of us realize and may be inherent in the origin of the Church itself, which, rooted and grounded as it is in the Mosaic tradition, may carry with it an unconscious sanction of war and therefore an instinctive execration of those who fail to defend the State. If we admit such a conclusion we must indeed seek elsewhere for the protection of these beings, though with a heavy heart and much sorrow, since we believe these men to be innocent and believe also that the living Church is our greatest medium for the expression of lasting good.

Turning to the body of men to whom justice as embodied in law is especially committed, one also finds great difficulties, for this body is in a practical sense dedicated, it seems to me, rather to the defense of that which is legal than to the reinterpretation of man's relationship to his fellow man in a living, changing race. In its estimation, what law has heretofore sanctioned by use and confirmed by honorable precedent is lawful; so that the past, with its earlier beliefs and practices, conditions most heavily the acceptance of a later concept. How, therefore, can we ask its protection for men who have in a sense become a law unto themselves and are in conflict with the common will as embodied in the laws?

Nevertheless, many and bitter are one's reflections at this point when one considers the countless and flagrant instances known to us all wherein the most respectable and honored citizens continually evade enacted law concerning such questions as payment of taxes, customs duties, and many other matters where sophistical cunning and manipulation of the letter enable the "wise" to defeat entirely the spirit of the law. Such offenders have no sense whatever of sin or even of wrongdoing; and yet among groups of such wilful evaders of the law one finds the strongest condemnation of the conscientious objector to physical combat, as one who defrauds the State.

Would it not be safer in the long run to turn this group over to the pathologist, and to acknowledge at once that the age is rightly committed to the cult of pseudo-pragmatic values, and that such persons as are willing to endure suffering and anguish rather than relinquish their ideals are defective, in the sense of being ignorant of how to obtain what they want at the expense of others rather than at their own expense? From this point of view, certainly, these persons have been lacking in common sense to entail upon themselves consequences so out of proportion to their fault, when, by a little maneuvering, they could have had an easy time with not too much loss of dignity or without violating too obviously their own ideals. If there is any justification whatever for a man's willingness to endure great sorrows rather than yield to the temptation of betraying by one jot his conception of right, then these men deserve to find protection at the hand of such institutions as proclaim the reality and claim of a spiritual life; but if, on the other hand, no such claim can be defended in any vital sense, then these men should be protected from further persecution on the ground that they are defective in ordinary intelligence and victims of a kind of pathologic obstinacy and hallucination. Whichever way we put it, it seems to me that they are entitled to rescue and to amends from society itself, which through its heedlessness and lack of inquiry into affairs for which it is entirely responsible allows injustices of this nature to go unrebuked and unchallenged—nay more, to be actually committed in its name.

The anguish of these abandoned ones cries out upon our comfort and upon our easily held creeds. Even though we do not succeed in righting their grievous wrong so that they gain relief through such action, I have an inner feeling that they will be the last of America's sons sacrificed to a medieval conception of disciplinary punishment, and that in spite of the material conceptions of our age vicarious sacrifice will again have justified itself and that the suffering of this little company will not have been in vain.

ANNIE WETMORE HASELTINE.

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Notes on New Books

THE SACRED BEETLE AND OTHERS. By J. Henri Fabre. Dodd, Mead; \$1.60.

The cult of Fabre appears to be enjoying a rather longer lease of life than customarily falls to any fashion, whether of clothes, the dance, or literature, so that a superficial observer would stoutly deny that it was merely a cult. But the simple fact remains inexorable: the extraordinary, humanistic genius of Fabre, coupled with the talent of his translators and the faith of his publishers, has succeeded in making it rather clever and stylish to know something about the humble insects to whose lives the great French naturalist devoted his own. The *Souvenirs Entomologiques* are, in their way, as unique and permanent as Brehm's animal studies in theirs, or White's *Selborne*; and unquestionably Fabre will endure as a master of his particular field. The *Sacred Beetle and Others* is the eighth of the Fabre translations. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos gives us every nuance and charm of the original; and the various life-cycles narrated with such quaint anthropomorphism and side-glances at philosophy make us regret, very keenly, that the stern requirements of animal and comparative psychology forbid them the name of "Science."

YOUNG ADVENTURE. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Yale University Press; \$1.25.

A tonic humor is one of the chief gifts of this charming young poet. Whether he paints a Portrait of a Baby, writes a stinging Elegy for an Enemy, or makes acute analysis of *The Breaking Point*, he evinces an intellectual vigor which rarely accompanies so profound a passion for beauty. That he has the latter is clear, in the very opening of the book, in that curiously uneven and intriguing poem, *The Drug-Shop*, or, *Endymion in Edmonstoun*:

Night falls; the great jars glow against the dark,
Dark green, dusk red, and, like a coiling snake,
Writhing eternally in smoky gyres,
Great ropes of gorgeous vapor twist and turn
Within them. So the Eastern fishermen
Saw the swart genie rise.

The same evocative magic is in his ballad *The Hemp*, one of the most dramatic poems in the book. Take for example the manner in which he induces so different a mood as this:

The sky was blue, and the sea was still,
The waves lapped softly, hill on hill,
And between one wave and another wave
The doomed man's cries were little and shrill.

Drama is of the essence of his verse. In one poem at least Benét is not so much at Browning's feet as in Browning's chair. One can imagine old Robert looking with a fond eye at this young man who so perfectly comprehends the fascination of gorgeous Roman settings and murders of finesse.

Throughout, however, Benét has a lyricism rather reminiscent of Noyes. Indeed his poem on Keats suffers by these foreign echoes.

But what is good in his poetry is naturally what is his own. And his own is versatility. Perhaps it is, rather, poetic understanding, for what Benét does is to paint against a sympathetic background people caught in an emotion. But because he is a man and is young, it is courage that most engages him—not the fearlessness of brute strength, but the indomitable Galahad in men. These poems make one paraphrase the familiar line to read: "The quality of courage is not strained." Mr. Benét writes of battle and writes well. It is not to depreciate the worth of his achievement to say that this is a book of promise.

FOUR YEARS IN THE WHITE NORTH. By Donald B. MacMillan. Harper; \$4.

If you have ever stepped from an overheated committee-room into the clear, frosty air of a November night, then you have a physical parallel for the sort of mental lung-filling with which one turns the pages of this book after too much perusing of war volumes. Sledging over uncharted wastes at the top of the world—far from Soviets and censorship—may not be the best way to keep in touch with war, but it is an admirable way to keep in touch with some things which war-logged folk are in danger of losing. Even the illustrations of this book are a relief, after endless Sunday supplements with their rotogravure revelations of devastation. The author has set down the varied adventures of the Crocker Land Expedition during four years of exploration in North Greenland, an undertaking which, though it disproved the existence of Crocker Land as placed upon our latest maps, resulted in many discoveries of positive value. Mr. MacMillan writes with the enthusiasm of a pathfinder rather than the cold precision of a scientist, filling the narrative with bits of experience in which the human and humorous elements have been retained. There is, for example, this appreciative passage with its tribute to craftsmanship and orderliness. Somehow, we always had the idea that igloos were messy, murky holes:

It is a pleasure to see an Eskimo cut and handle snow. One cannot but admire the skill and dexterity with which he cuts it on the surface, breaks it out with his toe, lays it up on the wall, bevels the edges, and thumps it into place with his hand. I wonder if there are any other people in the world who attempt to build an arch or dome without support. Starting from the ground in a spiral from right to left, the blocks mount higher and higher, ever assuming a more horizontal position, until the last two or three appear to hang in the air, the last block locking the whole structure.

Entering a newly constructed igloo seems like a vision of fairy-land, the light filtering through the snow a beautiful ethereal blue; everything—the bed, the two side platforms, the wall—absolutely spotless.

In the course of the narrative the author contrives to drop sufficient historical background of Arctic travel to put this expedition in its true perspective.

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There are illuminating bits of observation concerning the life and habits of the Eskimos and the animal life of that region. Supplementary chapters by W. Elmer Ekblaw and an ornithological appendix complete the volume.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OPERA SINGER. By Kathleen Howard. Knopf; \$2.

These are not confessions in the Rousseau sense. The threat in the title is withdrawn in the text, giving place merely to a series of reminiscences—operatic experiences in France, England, and Germany. The singer is discreetly brief regarding the Metropolitan Opera House. If there is any confessing to be done about that, it will have to wait, for she dismisses it in a single paragraph at the end. Pictures of pension life abroad, of rehearsals and trial performances, are penned with considerable vividness, and there are amusing sidelights on the management of opera in Germany, ranging all the way up to the artistic efficiency of Prince Henry of Prussia, who sent word to the contralto on one occasion that she played Carmen with skirts too long. Discussing the cramped dimensions of some of the stages in Germany, Miss Howard admits once playing through an entire scene with the end of her train caught in the door by which she had entered, and she did not know it. Those who revel in peeps backstage will welcome the contralto's "confessions." But did she, or the printer, write "the acoustic is"?

THE FLAMING CRUCIBLE. By André Fribourg. Macmillan; \$1.50.

Although, from the first page to the last, this book bears evidence of authentic personal reaction, it is the closing chapters—dealing with the returned soldier's halting readjustment to his pre-war surroundings—that are most significant. Perhaps it is because we are so sated with the fighting reactions (since more writers have chosen to deal with them) that these closing pages of *The Flaming Crucible* seem to carry a fresher note. Both in poignant literary expression and in illuminating flashes of psychology, this groping of a war-racked consciousness among the strange yet familiar paths of security gives the book distinctive merit.

Fribourg writes in the febrile, sometimes almost brittle, style of a man whose calmer faculties have been swept aside in an abrupt clash with the primitive elements of his nature. And with this surrender comes acceptance of the fatalism of the soldier:

Why should I go more quickly? If I hasten I shall be hit by the bullet that would have passed before me; if I delay, by the bullet that would have passed behind. In any event I shall exhaust myself the sooner. . . . Learn to wait. Whatever you do your blood is going to course more swiftly in this night's journey, and the passing minutes, any one of which may be your last, are infinitely precious. Every bullet that grazes you will reveal something and show the way; for, when the mortal stroke comes, illusions fly away. Death, face to face, is clearly seen.

Here the facts of hardship and privation are not glossed, but baldly painted in quick strokes. Here are the mud and misery and madness, made real in unadorned sentences. In between, however, there are passages of eloquence which seem to be set off not without the suspicion of a time-fuse. The interest ebbs at these soarings by appointment. The translation, by Arthur B. Maurice, testifies to a sympathetic absorption in the original.

THE FOUNDATIONS AND NATURE OF VERSE. By Cary F. Jacob. Columbia University Press; \$1.50.

It is only natural that the rapid development of freer forms of verse should be attended by a recrudescence of interest in problems of prosody. The old problem of the essential basis or bases of English verse is now being threshed out all over again. The relation in point of rhythm between prose and verse has become a curiously live question. Some see in prose and verse two naturally distinct and unbridgeable forms of expression; others consider them as merely the poles of a continuous gamut of possible forms, some of which are only now being consciously explored as artistic media.

In his conscientious if somewhat dull book Dr. Jacob takes us over a great deal of familiar ground, leads us, with shrewd deliberation, into many a blind alley of negation, leaves himself apparently little or no ground to stand on, and triumphantly concludes with a statement of principles and natural limitations. Too much space is devoted to preliminaries—acoustic, ethnographic, psychologic. It is difficult to see, for instance, what meat the humble prosodist is expected to extract from the lengthy chapter on pitch, with its array of citations from technical treatises on acoustics and from antiquated works of an ethnographic nature. On the whole one gathers that Dr. Jacob's psychologic and purely musical equipment is superior to either his culture-historical or his linguistic equipment. This may well be erring on the right side, but it also tends to limit his perspective in a way that is not always fortunate. Phonetic phenomena are as good as ignored. Again, the problems of English verse structure are not set against a historical or comparative background that would serve to bring out in proper relief its own essential peculiarities.

The book offers nothing really new. To the devotees of freer prosodic forms it will prove a disappointment. No natural basis, however broad, is pointed out that would justify free verse as a realm of artistic promise. Between the accidental rhythms of prose and the more or less rigidly recurrent metric units of normal verse Dr. Jacob throws no bridge. The book strikes one, despite its liberal employment of psychologic and prosodic authorities, as needlessly narrow in outlook. Like many prosodists, Dr. Jacob attaches probably too great importance to the purely objective and experimental study of rhythmic

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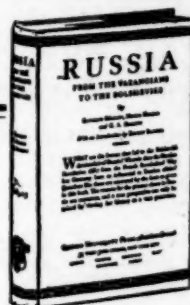
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phenomena. A subtler and ultimately more fruitful analysis would have demanded a wider definition of the concept of periodicity and a greater willingness to evaluate the more intimately subjective rhythmic factors. The same stanza may be truly verse to one subject, just as truly prose to another, according to whether or not a rhythmic contour (not necessarily a rigid metrical pattern) is clearly apperceived by the reader or hearer.

SOME HAPPENINGS. By Horace Annesley Vachell. Doran; \$1.50.

The Englishman, though he travels extensively and frequently writes about his travels, is not usually credited with taking on much color from the scenes and people he visits. This cannot be said of Horace Annesley Vachell, who in his collection of short stories, *Some Happenings*, tells tales of Western life with true appreciation of its quality, tales of peasant life in France with sympathetic understanding of the Breton character, and tales of the West and East Ends of London with insight and humor. Throughout these stories the human values are emphasized and the writer brings to light the essential kindness which is said to be inherent in every man, however rough or arid or vulgar he may appear to be. Especially noteworthy for its Cockney wit is *Beanfeasters*, and for its poignant appeal the tragic story of *The Death Mask*. Those who like love and laughter—love that is not too urgent, and laughter that is not too loud—who enjoy humorous characterization and varied settings, will find this book to their taste, but those who require the complexity that exists in actual life may find the texture of these tales somewhat flimsy.

OUT OF THE SILENCES. By Mary E. Waller. Little, Brown; \$1.50.

Miss Waller has neglected that quite necessary duty of the novelist—to fix the tempo of her story, and then to remain faithful to it. Her failure to do this results in a compositional defect which thwarts the reader at every turn. She improvises upon her material, running her hands up and down the emotional keys for a series of loosely articulated effects, some of which carry and some of which fail. This absence of tempo—a tempo in harmony with the mood of the story—is evident in the lagging and disproportionately detailed beginning, which throws the ensuing chapters out of focus, and in the author's inability to rivet attention upon her central figure of the "man-boy, indomitable of will, imbued with the symbolism and nature worship of the Indians, eager for the new, the strange." In order to bring the threads of the improvisation into the semblance of harmony, there is a final chord echoing the thunders of war, but even this device contributes little sweep to the story. Miss Waller here displays little of that warmth of insight which

gave a certain quality to *The Woodcarver of Lympus*. One has difficulty in accepting the reality of a man brought up in the wilds of western Canada, schooled in stoic repressions and hardship, only to slip simultaneously into love and rhapsody thus:

"What more can a man ask for in this world? This one hour here with you. And then my luck—think of it!—to be one infinitesimal human atom sandwiched in between the upheaved, broken-in-pieces, red-lava-overflowed strata of two ages in humanity's history; and, just at the right moment, to be given a fighting chance to strike one blow for the survival of what should be most fit for this world."

Guided by Miss Waller's pen, out of the silences comes hyperbole.

Books of the Fortnight

The following list comprises THE DIAL's selection of books recommended among the publications received during the last two weeks:

The League of Nations: Today and Tomorrow. By Horace M. Kallen. 12mo, 181 pages. Marshall Jones Co. \$1.50.

American Charities. By Amos G. Warner. With a biographical preface by George Elliott Howard. Third edition, revised by Mary Roberts Coolidge. 12mo, 541 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2.50.

The Development of Rates of Postage: An Historical and Analytical Study. By A. D. Smith. With an introduction by Herbert Samuel. 8vo, 431 pages. Macmillan Co. \$5.

The History of Religions. By E. Washburn Hopkins. 12mo, 624 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3.

Thirty Years in Tropical Australia. By Gilbert White. With an introduction by H. H. Montgomery. Illustrated, 12mo, 264 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3.75.

The History of Henry Fielding. By Wilbur L. Cross. Illustrated, 8vo, 1273 pages. 3 vols. Yale University Press. Boxed, \$15.

The Early Years of the Saturday Club: 1855-1876. By Edward Waldo Emerson. 8vo, 514 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$7.50.

The English Poets: Selections with Critical Introductions. Edited by Thomas Humphry Ward. Vol. 5: Browning to Rupert Brooke. 12mo, 653 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.10.

Collected Plays and Collected Poems. By John Masfield. 12mo, 1161 pages. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. \$2.75.

Counter-Attack and Other Poems. By Siegfried Sassoon. With an introduction by Robert Nichols. 12mo, 64 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

Beyond Life. By James Branch Cabell. 12mo, 366 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50.

Tin Cowrie Dass. A novel. By Henry Miller Rideout. 12mo, 163 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25.

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Current News

A novel by Sir Gilbert Parker, *Wild Youth* and *Another*, is announced for February by the Lippincotts.

Percy MacKaye's new play, *Washington: The Man Who Made Us Famous*, is to be issued at once by Alfred A. Knopf.

The February list of the Stokes Co. announces Gertrude Atherton's novel, *The Avalanche*, for early issue.

John Reed's book on the Russian Revolution is shortly to be brought out by Boni and Liveright under the title *Ten Days That Shook the World*.

The American Jewish Historical Society is to hold its twenty-seventh annual meeting at Newark, New Jersey, February 11 and 12. The program of the Convention will consist mainly of addresses on Jewish history.

The New America: By an Englishman, is the title of a book by Frank Dilnot, soon to be issued by the Macmillan Co. Mr. Dilnot has for some time been a correspondent from this country to English newspapers.

A series of lectures delivered last winter by Professor A. C. McLaughlin of the University of Chicago on the derivation of American political principles is to be issued in book form by E. P. Dutton and Co. under the title *America and Britain*.

Abraham Lincoln as a Man of Letters, by Luther E. Robinson, has recently appeared from the press of the Reilly and Lee Co. The volume has an appendix which includes all of Lincoln's notable addresses, state papers, and letters.

Captain H. G. Gilliland, who was for some months a prisoner of war in German prison camps, has written a book on *My German Prisons*, which Houghton Mifflin Co. are now publishing. The book was previously issued in England, but owing to the rigorous censorship at that time, was suppressed.

The gathering up of the results of modern Biblical criticism into an attractive and popular book is the difficult task George Hodges has accomplished in *How to Know the Bible* (Bobbs-Merrill; \$1.50). He has treated the significant problems arising from a critical study of the Old and New Testaments, the making of the Bible, inspiration, and the origin and value of each separate book; and he has combined these subjects in an easy, flowing narrative replete with delightful and fascinating turns. Dean Hodges is a popularizer of rare ability.

D. Appleton and Co. have in preparation a series of thirty volumes to be published during the winter and early spring under the general title *Problems of War and Reconstruction*. The volumes announced for immediate publication include *Government Organization in War Time and After*, by W. F. Willoughby; *Government Insurance in War Time and After*, by Samuel McCune Lindsay; *The Colleges in War Time and After*, by Park R. Kolbe; *The Redemption of the Disabled*, by Garrard Har-

ris; *The American Air Service*, by Arthur Sweetser; *The Strategy of Minerals*, by George R. Smith; and *Commercial Policy in War Time and After*, by W. S. Culbertson.

The League of Free Nations Association, whose *Statement of Principles* was published in the November 30 issue of *THE DIAL*, has announced a series of luncheon discussions at the Cafe Boulevard, New York City, every Saturday during the Peace Conference. The meetings of January 11 and 18 were devoted to discussions of *The Problem of the Adriatic* and *The Problem of Poland and Dantzig*. January 25 the Association will present a program on Armenia, and a subsequent meeting will be devoted to general discussion of the League of Nations. The luncheons are open to the public.

P. Blakiston's Son and Co. (Philadelphia) have recently issued the second edition of their series of handbooks on nursing and first aid, which were prepared for and endorsed by the American Red Cross. The list includes two volumes by Colonel Charles Lynch of the Army Medical Corps—*American Red Cross Text-Book on First Aid (Woman's Edition)* and *American Red Cross Text-Book on First Aid (General Edition)*—and Jane A. Delano's *American Red Cross Text-Book on Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick*, revised and rewritten by Anne Hervey Strong.

Contributors

George V. Lomonosoff, some time Professor of Railroad Economics and Locomotives at the Polytechnic Institute in Kiev and later in Warsaw, is now Professor of the same subject at the Petrograd Institute of Ways of Communication and Manager of the Experimental Bureau on Types of Locomotives. Under the first Provisional Government (Lvoff) he was Assistant Minister of Ways of Communication, and under the second (Kerensky) he was made that Ministry's Chief Envoy to America. He is the author of some fifteen books on railroading.

Fullerton L. Waldo (Harvard, 1898) is an associate editor of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. As war correspondent he has been to the Balkans, to Turkey, and to the Western Front. His book, *America at the Front*, has just been issued by Dutton.

Previous to his entrance into the army, Lieutenant George Soule was for four years on the editorial staff of the *New Republic*.

With this number Professor Veblen concludes his series of papers on *The Modern Point of View and the New Order*.

Mabel K. Richardson has contributed poems to *Contemporary Verse*, the *Midland*, and other periodicals. She is Librarian at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

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